THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SWEET LIPS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HAROLD ST. CLAIR.

I wooed a lady from the South,
I laid my heart's best at her feet.
She gave me hand, she gave me mouth;
And O her lips were sweet.

Fair was this lady from the South;
Where'er she stood all eyes would meet.
'Twas in my proud and passionate youth—
And O her lips were sweet.

O false, false heart in breast of dove!
Beautiful traitor! glorious cheat!
My doubts grew ever with my love;—
But O her lips were sweet.

O perjured tongue, that falsehoods wove,
Like spider's meshes, 'round my feet.
My hate grew stronger than my love;—
But O her lips were sweet.

I knew she lied and lied each day;
Saw where she went with footsteps fleet;
Would fling the worthless weed away,—
But O her lips were sweet.

It came at last, the day of doom;
The storm-cloud burst, the hail down beat!
I sit now in my silent room,—
And think her lips were sweet.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXV.

MEXICAN HOSPITALITY.

As there is a joy so rapturous, so ecstatic, that the spirit is sometimes forced to quit its prison of clay and expand itself in the regions of space, so also there is a grief so heavy, so crushing, that the life-principle becomes dormant and inactive, and the torpor of death, if not death itself, succeeds the blow.

In my own case, death of course did not follow the loss of my friends, or this history would never have been written; but from the moment of their departure, for a period of several days, my thread of life held me suspended over the abyss of eternity.

I have little recollection of that period. When I try to think upon it, my memory becomes confused, like one awakened from a dream of wild and distorted fancies, with the mind struggling to separate the real from the imaginary, the true from the false. At the time my friends disappeared from my sight, it seemed to me as if they were shadows slowly fading from my view; and immediately after all grew dark around me, with a roaring sound in my ears, as of the rushing of mighty waters.

Yet there were times, even then, when, for a few moments, I must have been conscious and had my reason; for I remember, among other things, of seeing a grim face above me, and hearing a gruff voice say in Spanish:

"Let every scoundrel of them be taken out and shot."

And these words were actually spoken by the first Royalist officer into whose hands General Mina's letter was delivered. But he was not the highest in command, thank God! and his superior stopped him on the point of executing his inhuman purpose, and thus we were saved. This happened on the day following the departure of our friends; and as the tenants of the hacienda returned with the Royal troops, we were all placed under their care, till we should be so far recovered as to bear removal to San Luis Potosi, the head-quarters of the division, where our fate was to be decided.

At the Hacienda de Peotillas we remained a couple of weeks, receiving the kindest of treatment; and then, being all in a state of convalescence, we were removed on litters to San Luis Potosi, where we had an interview with the Royal Commandant; who, after much questioning, and a due consideration of our offences, generously released Maitland and myself from confinement and surveillance, on our parole of honor not to quit the intendancy without a governmental pardon or a regular exchange. This freedom was at first refused to Hardy and Wilcox; but, by judicious representations and an offer to be surety for their good faith, we happily succeeded in procuring their release also; and great was the joy of the poor fellows on being brought from confinement and informed of their good fortune. That they might not involve us in serious difficulties, I solemnly impressed upon their minds the fact that we were all still prisoners, and that an attempt at escape would be to incur the severest penalties for the offender and a sacrifice of his friends.

From the moment of entering the thriving city of San Luis Potosi, we became objects of more than passing interest to the better class of citizens, who came in numbers of both sexes to our quarters, to express their sympathies for our misfortunes and perform a hundred kindly acts; and doubtless this general feeling in our favor had a powerful effect upon the Commandant in procuring our release; which was no sooner granted, than we had a hundred invitations, from as many wealthy families, to make their houses our homes. So kindly urgent too were these invitations, that we at last became much perplexed and embarrassed, fearing to accept any one lest we should give offence to the others. But the matter was finally settled to our satisfaction by the decisive action of a stout old Spaniard, with grey hair and an immense sombrero, who bluntly informed Maitland and myself that a *litera* containing his daughters was at the door, and an empty one for ourselves, and that his servants were bound to place us in the latter, *nolens volens*.

At this time we were still in a precarious condition, and really stood in need of the most kind and careful treatment. Pale, thin and weak, with my head and breast carefully bandaged, I was barely able to sit up on my pallet; and my friend, with his broken arm in a sling, could not walk a dozen paces without support. So we suffered the kind-hearted Spaniard—who had once been a traveller through our country, and had there received such kindness in distress as made him anxious to repay the debt of gratitude to any and every American he could find abroad—to remove us to his own elegant mansion, where we received the treatment of sons and brothers, rather than that of strangers and aliens.

The Senor Don Luis de La Cava was a retired and wealthy merchant, living near the suburbs of the city, in a splendid mansion, which he had built to suit his own taste, and furnished in a style of luxury not often rivalled by the richest nobles of the land. Much of his furniture, and nearly all his works of art, were importations from the Eastern world; and whatever was native to Mexico, displayed the genius and labor of the most skillful artisans. His statues and paintings, which adorned his principal apartments in profusion, were the wonder and admiration of the city; his floors were inlaid with the rarest and handsomest woods—no need of carpets there; his frescoes were in themselves works of art from the masters of their profession; his arras the richest and costliest; his mirrors the largest and purest; his divans and ottomans of Oriental luxury; his beds the softest; his linen the finest and whitest; and, to crown all, he had a well-assorted library of foreign works, and his table always glittered with magnificent plate of silver and gold. In the *patio* was a fountain, shaded by the most beautiful trees, playing musically night and day into a marble basin. The grounds of the mansion covered several acres, and were inclosed from the vulgar gaze by high, broad, strong walls of masonry. Within this inclosure was a garden, sweet and brilliant with all the flowers of every clime; an orchard of the rarest and most delicious fruits; shady, winding, romantic walks, and vine-clad arbors, wooing the rambler to poetical repose.

As we were borne into our new home, and to the beautiful apartment assigned to us during our stay—with its windows opening upon a balcony, the balcony overlooking the garden, and the garden sending to our delighted senses, on the softest of breezes, its sweetest perfume, with the music of countless birds—Maitland enthusiastically exclaimed, in our native tongue:

"Oh! what magic is this? What good genii attend us, to waft us from the blood-stained battle-field, and the horrors of death, and the miseries of the camp-hospital, to another palace in Eden? Surely we are born for some bright destiny, or the Fates are mocking us! I say *another* palace in Eden, Ned—for does not this remind you of the glorious home of the lovely Corina?"

"It does, Curry, and I was just thinking of the singular coincidence of my being an invalid there and here."

"Oh! if we were only there now, Ned, with the bright face of Corina to smile upon us, it would be happiness enough for this world!"

"By your good leave, my dear Curry, I will add the sweet face of Benita, and say Amen!"

Don Luis was a hale-looking man of sixty—plain in dress—open, frank, and affable—and fond of good company, good eating, good *pulque*, good wines, and a good joke. La Senora was slender and lady-like in appearance, some few years his junior, dressed with taste and *a la mode*, and was exceedingly courteous in manner and refined in mind. They had five children living—two sons and three daughters—but only two were at home with their parents. The eldest son was private secretary to the Viceroy, and resided at the palace in the city of Mexico; the eldest daughter was married to a Spanish nobleman, who held some important government office, and resided also at the Capitol; and the second son was on a visit to some relations in Spain.

The two daughters—who, with their father, escorted us from our military quarters to their beautiful home, and subsequently became our daily companions during the period of our convalescence—were respectively aged eighteen and twenty years, and bore a striking resemblance to their mother. Their figure were slight and graceful, their features fine and regular, with clear, olive complexions, long raven hair, and eyes large, dark, soft and lustrous.

Without being absolutely beautiful, they possessed a certain air of unaffected grace, simplicity, social ease, and intellectual refinement, that rendered them extremely fascinating; and had our affections not been preengaged, it is impossible to say what effect might have been produced upon "*los Americanos*" by a daily intercourse with them for several weeks. They were well read in history, accomplished in music, and could play the harp, lute and guitar, and sing melodiously. They were unmarried, but only from choice, for they had received many a distinguished offer, and many a fortune had been laid at their feet. They were lively, playful, affectionate and sincere; and had we been brothers, instead of strangers, we could not have received kinder treatment. Although the mansion was crowded with servants, they chose to bring us flowers, bouquets, and a hundred little delicacies, which were all the sweeter and more appreciable for coming from their own fair hands; and often they read to us, and sung to us, and chatted with us for hours while they worked at their embroideries. And all this seemed the more remarkable, that they were warmly attached to the Royal cause, and of course regarded us politically as enemies—as men who had entered the country to foment rebellion and shed the blood of their dearest friends.

"But," said Isabel, the eldest, one day, by way of explanation, "you are not enemies to the Royal cause now, Senores—or at least you are not active foes; and for the rest, we wish to convince you that all are not wicked and base who do not shout 'Long life to the ambitious leaders of a rebellious horde.' For you Americans—who have been rocked in the cradle of liberty, to whom that word is sacred above all others, and which has been used by ambitious men to seduce you to their support—for you we have compassion; but for the rest, let them perish in their ungodliness, as perish they assuredly will. General Mina may triumph for a while; but he is doomed; and the Patriot chiefs he has gone to meet will be the first to desert him in his hour of greatest need, lest his sudden and brilliant success should lift him to the pinacle of fame and glory and leave them far below. Mark my words—they are prophetic!"

Her words were indeed prophetic; for after several most brilliant achievements, which spread his fame far and wide and struck terror to the hearts of his foes throughout Mexico, General Mina and his brave little band fell victims to the jealousies, rivalries and treacheries of the very men he and they had so heroically marched to sustain, over hundreds of miles of hostile territory, enduring privations and sufferings of the most terrible nature.

One day Don Luis hastily entered our apartment, and, throwing himself heavily upon a seat, and wiping the perspiration from his heated face, exclaimed:

"Senores, I have news for you—good and bad for us all—though the saints forbid I should consider the defeat of your countrymen good news only so far as it affects the cause which lies nearest my heart! In the first place, let me inform you, that the fort at Soto la Marina, after being several days besieged by a large force of Royalists, and some desperate hard fighting, has been carried, and all the living taken prisoners and marched to the dungeons of Altamira, Tampico and San Juan de Ulloa. Poor fellows! God have mercy on them! I can pity them, even while I rejoice at the success of our arms. My other news will please you better. General Mina, besides capturing the fortress of Sierra de Pinos, with the loss of one man only, has cut his way through to Fort Sombrero, and joined some other Rebel leaders; and unitedly they have defeated Colonel Castanan, who, though a Royalist, I shame to say has long been the terror of the country. The battle lasted eight minutes; and, strange to say, Mina's loss was less than twenty in killed and wounded! while Castanan's, (the saints preserve us!) amounted to over three hundred killed, and between two and three hundred prisoners, besides several cannon, five hundred stand of arms, and all the ammunition of the division! The Virgin bless us! what a devil Mina must be in a fight!"

The news of the defeat, capture and imprisonment of our friends at Soto la Marina, filled us with grief; but scarcely had our worthy host finished his communication of Mina's brilliant victory at San Juan de los Llanos, than, forgetful of his feelings and our own situation in the excitement of the moment, we burst forth in several long and loud hurras.

"Ay, cheer away!" smiled the good natured Spaniard; "I cannot blame you; for your General, whatever else may be said of him, is a hero—and your comrades are worthy to fight in a better cause."

We humbly apologized for our rudeness; but Don Luis laughingly sent for a bottle of wine, and equivocally pledged us in a bumper, "To the greatest hero of the day!" leaving each to mentally name whom he pleased.

So popular was this signal defeat and death of Castanan—who had long been a terror to the citizens of several provinces, and had been guilty of the vilest outrages and bloodiest acts, often putting men, women, and children to the sword—so popular, I say, was his defeat and death, that thousands, who had never before openly sided with the Patriots, now came out boldly in praise of Mina. In the words of the chronicler, I can truly say:

"The death of Castanan excited universal joy amongst all classes of people. Every demonstration was given of the warm feelings of the inhabitants in favor of the Patriot cause. The Royalists had the mortification to see illuminations, and hear the discharge of cannon, in every direction around them, up to their very walls. The churches resounded with Te Deum. From town to town the praises of Mina were echoed. The blessings of Heaven were implored upon his head by widows and orphans of the victims of Castanan. Old and young, from Sombrero to the environs of the city of Mexico, and from San Luis Potosi to Zacatula, were chanting hymns in honor of their deliverer."

Oh! what pride did we poor invalids feel in his glory! and how gladly would we then have marched to join him, had our wounds and our honor permitted! But, alas! we were doomed to behold him no more! Fate had parted us, never to meet again on the shores of time. His glory was but the precursor of his fall. Shame! shame!—oh! eternal shame!—to the base, paltry chiefs, who, through a mean ambition, and despicable jealousy of one by nature their superior, could withhold their support in a time of need from him who would otherwise have given liberty to an oppressed and down-trodden nation! Shame! shame! eternal shame! eternal infamy be theirs! who, base as traitors, could sacrifice their country and sacred honor to the meanest passions of the human breast!

We recovered slowly, my friend and I, for both of us had been down near the Dark Valley, and our wounds were of a nature to demand a long period of inaction and repose. It was at least six weeks, from the time of our entering the hospitable dwelling of Don Luis, before I was permitted to cross the threshold, except as the servants bore me out and in, to and from the enchanting grounds around, where I so delighted to sit, beneath the deep, cool shade of the embowering trees, and listen to the silvery voices of Isabel and Inez, the murmur of the fountain, the melody of birds, the drowsy hum of bees and insects, and feel the soft airs of a glorious clime on my sometimes feverish brow and throbbing temples.

Oh, had Benita then been there, in that sweet temple of nature, I should have felt, with all my ailments, that I was one of the happiest of mortals, in the loveliest paradise of earth. But, as it was, I sighed to be with one whom my heart told me was even then in trembling suspense, dejectedly mourning my absence and hourly offering up prayers for my preservation and safe return.

Oh, it is sweet to love and be beloved! to feel and know there is one being in the wide world who will look ever to you as the light of life—to whom you can ever turn with steadfast, undoubting faith and trust, whether in the joyous hour of weal or the gloomy hour of woe—who will prove sublimely and holily true when all others prove false—who will cling to you fondly when all others forsake!

Many visitors called to see us while we were confined to the house of Don Luis; and the moment we were able to venture abroad, we were oppressed with invitations to rides, parties, balls, cock-fights, bull-fights, and, in a word, to all amusements of every kind and degree. Under different circumstances, I think, from what I saw of the hospitality of the higher classes of San Louis Potosi, I could have been contented to pass my days in that rich, beautiful, and populous city; but as it was, I felt like a bird without its mate, imprisoned in a golden cage. My sacred word of honor had been pledged not to quit the intendancy unless regularly exchanged or pardoned by government; and the limits of my prison, though the boundaries of a province, seemed close and oppressive, not unlike the dungeon-walls surrounding some of my more unfortunate companions. Should we be released by exchange? There seemed little hope of that. Should we be pardoned by government? Don Luis had kindly interested himself in our misfortunes, and written to his son, the Secretary of the Viceroy, praying him to make intercession in our behalf. No answer had yet been received; but it was now daily expected, and we were in consequence in a state of excitement, alternately elated with hope and depressed with fear.

Could I have been permitted to visit Benita, my limits, so far as I was concerned, would have embraced my world; and time, which now, with all my new friends around me, dragged slowly along, would have fleeted with joy. But the home of Benita was in the adjoining province of Tamaulipas, some seventy leagues away; and, for any power I had of reaching her in person, she might as well have been across the briny deep.

Yet why not write to her, tell her of my situation, relieve her suspense, and fill her fond heart with hope? I could send the missive by a private courier, who would see her, would hear her sweet voice, and bring me an answer from her own fair hands! Bright thought! happy thought! glorious thought! why had it not occurred to me before?

With a bounding heart, tingling veins, and a sensation of indescribable rapture, I immediately set about my new design; and ere the sun of that day had sunk to rest, I had bidden the bearer of tidings "God speed," and invoked Heaven with many a heart-felt prayer for his quick and safe return.

Oh! how wearily, how tediously, dragged on the days, while I impatiently awaited intelligence from the being who occupied my waking thoughts and filled my restless dreams! How I counted the minutes which slowly bore the messenger to her side! And then, when, from the lapse of time, I fancied him standing in her sweet presence, how I pictured the deep flush of eager delight with which she perused the glowing words traced by my hand, assuring her of my love and safety—followed by the pang and pallor of sorrow as she learned of my sufferings and the cause which kept me from her side. What would she do? The first impulse of her heart would be to fly to me, who could not come to her. Against this I had cautioned her, as not being proper under the circumstances, and because I hoped soon to be at liberty to seek her among her friends; and so I knew she would abandon this idea, to pour out her very soul in messages of love.

Oh! when would the courier return? A week passed—a week was surely a long time—an age of suspense—and yet he was not here? How could he lag by the way—how eat or sleep—while in his hand he bore that precious missive, which contained my world of light, and life, and hope, and joy? Dull plodder! had he no spirit? had he no feeling? had he no interior perception that he was bearing Heaven from one mortal to another?

Eight, nine, ten days—and yet no tidings from her I loved! What could it mean? was there anything wrong? had the messenger failed to find her? was she from home? was she ill? had any accident occurred to him? I was in a fever of suspense—half wild—half mad! Giving out that I was ill, I shut myself in my room for two long, weary days, and paced my floor, hour after hour, from morn till night, from night till morn.

"Take laudanum," said my friend, "and sleep, or you will bring on a fever of the brain!"

The eleventh day the messenger returned. Soiled and dusty, right from the back of his mule, he was conducted to my apartment. On beholding him, I sprung forward, with a half smothered cry, and grasped his arm.

"Speak! you found her? she is well?"

His countenance fell, and a pang shot through my heart. Slowly, reluctantly, he produced and held forth my own letter, with the ribbon still around it and the seal unbroken. I staggered—I clutched his arm—I gasped for breath—and my glaring eyes and contorted features asked the question which my quivering lips had not the power to utter.

"I found the hacienda, Senor," said the man, in evident alarm at my appearance, "but it was deserted. I rode to the nearest rancho and inquired about the inmates of the mansion. Ah! *Dios de mi alma!* I learned they had just been carried off by the accursed robber-band of Romanillo!"

With a cry of horror I reeled and sunk heavily upon a seat, feeling as one stunned and bewildered by a crushing blow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVIL TIDINGS.

It was at least an hour ere I could bring my mind into a reasonable state of calmness and listen to the story of the messenger, which was brief. He knew little besides what he had expressed in the few words that had so overpowered me. How many had been taken prisoners, and who, he did not know; but it was generally supposed that the parties would be treated well and put to ransom, the latter probably being the main object of the seizure.

It was some consolation to hope that their lives had been spared—and especially hers who was now more to me than all the rest of the world—but it was wretchedness to think I had no means and power to aid them. A prisoner myself, I could not go to their relief, even if I knew where they were, which I did not; and were I to go alone, it would only be to put myself in the power of a man who would probably take my life the moment I should be recognized. Something I felt should be done—but what?

"Suppose we call in Don Luis, lay the whole matter before him, and see if he can in any manner aid us?" suggested Maitland.

I at once acted upon this suggestion; and our kind host listened to the particulars with the interest of a friend and the sympathy of a noble and generous heart.

"I hardly know what to advise, Senores," he said, in reply to my statement. "If we only knew the prisoners to be alive, and where to find them, perhaps something might be done; but as it is, the matter is one of perplexity. If we only knew them to be in this province even, it would be something—for then I doubt not I could prevail on the Commandant to send out scouts to find a clue to their whereabouts; and, that found, to follow with a force sufficient to capture or destroy the whole accursed band. And yet, even as it is, I feel that something ought to be done—for it seems cruel to remain idle under the belief that good and loyal Caris-

tians, and especially ladies of high birth, are in the power of atrocious bandits! Ah, *Santissima Virgen!* this outlaw Romanillo has a great deal to answer for!—and so have Vargez and Basano—two other chiefs of two other noted bands—sometimes rivals when their interests clash—sometimes colleagues when each needs the support of the other."

"Probably they are all confederates now," said I; "for while I was a prisoner of Romanillo he proposed my initiation, and said he would give me the pass-word that would insure me protection among all the different bands throughout Mexico."

"There is then, without doubt, a sort of Masonic intelligence running through all the different parties; and it is by this means, perhaps, that they are so often enabled to escape when in the hands of the authorities. And it may be too," added Don Luis, reflectively, "that they have members holding civil, ecclesiastical, and military offices, which would readily account for their numerous escapes even after capture. And some of these escapes—as for instance that of Romanillo, from the command of La Garza, as narrated by you—have seemed miraculous indeed. You say that the stronghold of Romanillo is in a wild region, among the mountains of Tamaulipas; and as he has never committed many depredations within the province of San Luis Potosi, it is reasonable to suppose—if he has spared his captives, which is likely—for these robbers, be it remarked, seldom murder their victims in cold blood, except for safety or revenge,—it is reasonable to suppose, I say, that your friends have been taken hither, and will be released whenever the price fixed upon the head of each shall have been paid, either by themselves or others. Now granting this, the next question is, what can we do to aid them? If we knew them to be in this province, as I said before, I think the General would readily lend us military aid; but he has no right to march his troops beyond his intendancy, without an order from head-quarters—and that could not be obtained without delay, even if at all—so you see how difficult it is to devise any reasonable plan for their escape."

"Alas! I see!" returned I, gloomily; "and yet I thank you from my heart for the interest you take in the matter! Ah me! if I were only free to go whither I pleased, I would myself make an effort to find them, even though I were compelled to go alone; but I am a prisoner, and fear I shall have to remain so."

"Nay, my young friend," said the good host, in a kindly and cheerful tone, "do not be cast down—for I really and truly believe that the pardon of yourself and comrades is now on the way hither, and that I shall soon have the happiness of announcing the liberty of you all. It is strange that the matter has been delayed so long; but, the saints defend us! you Rebels have been giving the Government so much trouble lately, that doubtless the officials have had little time and inclination to attend to minor affairs."

"Oh! if we only had our liberty," said I, "I am certain my comrades would not see me venture alone in quest of my friends!"

"You can count on me to the death, my dear fellow!" rejoined Maitland, warmly; "and Hardy and Wilcox would go through fire and water to serve either of us."

"But what could you four accomplish?" inquired our host.

"We might institute a search for our friends, to say the least," returned I; "and should we find them—and find them I would, if living within the boundaries of Mexico—we would take such measures for their release as the nature of the circumstances might suggest."

"With money," pursued Don Luis, "I doubt not you could raise a strong party to accompany you; and money I have, if not men, and it will make me happy to serve you."

"Sir," cried I, impulsively seizing his hand and wringing it hard, while tears filled my eyes and my voice grew tremulous with emotion, "I am now your debtor for more than I can ever repay, and yet you would place me under new obligations! What shall I reply? how express the deep and boundless gratitude I feel? I cannot. I can only say, God bless you and yours! and reward you according to your deserts!"

"Nay, I fear I should fare but poorly, if I were to be rewarded according to my deserts," he rejoined, with a laugh. "And what have I done for you? No more than your countrymen did for me; and I should be base indeed not to return a kindly act to the brothers of those who were more than brothers to me in my distress. Come, we will say no more about that. It must be understood, that anything I can do for you I will do; and the only question is, what can I do now?"

"Alas! I fear nothing can be done till we shall have obtained our pardon," sighed I; "and if that be refused, then adieu to all my bright visions of future happiness!"

"I will go to the Commandant at once, and see what he has to suggest in this affair," rejoined Don Luis. "Keep up your spirits, Senor Teniente! I may bring you good news yet. But I pray you meantime to lie down and endeavor to sleep—for I understand you have hardly done so for the last three or four days—and your eyes are red and your skin feverish. Take a bath and lie down."

"Ay, do, Ned!" said Curry, anxiously.

"To oblige my friends, I will do anything," I replied; "but I am too much excited to sleep."

"Make the trial," rejoined the host, "and perhaps you will sleep to awake to good news."

I did make the trial, and the bath somewhat refreshed me; but as for sleep, with one hope for poor Benita in suspense, I might as well have attempted it under the influence of *mescal* a pufu.

Don Luis was absent some three or four hours; and when he returned, I saw at a single glance that he had no communication for me calculated to raise my spirits.

"My friend," he said, "nothing has yet been received from the Government in regard to your detention or release; but there is news of the fall of Fort Sombrero—which, as you know, was garrisoned by your companions in arms, and a few native troops—and it is said that only a few, a very few, escaped the terrible slaughter. There has been some terrible fighting on both sides; but, to the best of my belief, founded upon the intelligence just brought in by a courier, General Linan, who commanded the Royal troops, has proved victorious, and the Patriot army is no more. Your friends fought gallantly, and long withstood a painful siege; but want of ammunition, provisions, and water, at last compelled them to succumb to superior numbers."

"Great Heaven! all the evil tidings come together!" groaned I. "Has General Mina been taken?"

"Of that I am not so certain; but if he has escaped, his followers are so reduced in numbers that there is no hope for him."

"And were any of the prisoners spared?" anxiously inquired my friend.

"It is said that all taken were shot," replied Don Luis, in a tone of commiseration.

Curry and I exchanged glances. I felt my heart sink, and I saw that he was very pale and deeply agitated. I knew our thoughts were centering upon one object.

"Alas! poor Forbes!" groaned I.

"God be merciful to him!" ejaculated Curry.

"Hark! there goes a gun!" said the host, as at the moment a heavy sound boomed through the air and jarred the building; "and there go the bells! the Royalists are already celebrating their victory."

"And the same Te Deum will be chanted for our defeat as for our triumph," sighed Maitland.

"And by the same lips," said I, gloomily.

"Such is the world," observed Don Luis. "Men laud success, not merit and worth: they look upon the world as a great gambling-board, where all are playing for a stake, and he is the greatest who wins most. Genera Don Pasquel Linan, with all the disposable force of Mexico under his command, having marched against General Mina and won the day, is now the glorious hero, before whom the lustre of his adversary is as the fading star to the rising sun. Poor Mina! he should have spent his talents in a better cause, and then he would at least have deserved a better fate. Senores, let me be frank with you, and say, you have my sympathy at the same time that I rejoice in the success which crushes an unworthy rebellion. I pity the men, but uphold the principle which overthrows them."

"We know your views and wishes, Senor, and cannot expect you to feel as we feel," said Curry; "and we thank you for your sympathy, which we know to spring from a kind and generous heart. Let the the bells ring, the cannon roar, and the people shout!—we rejoiced over our victory, and will not gainsay the right of our foes to do the same."

"Did you say anything to the Commandant touching the capture of my friends?" inquired I, with nervous anxiety, fairly trembling as I put the question.

"I did," replied Don Luis, "and I am sorry to add to no purpose. Elated and excited by the news which had just been brought in, he listened with impatience, and briefly replied, that the affair was beyond his jurisdiction, all his troops were wanted in another quarter, and for the present he could give us no assistance."

"Alas! poor Benita!" groaned I.

"Nay, do not despair!" said the kind-hearted Spaniard; "but cheer yourself with hope. If the parties are to be put to ransom, they will not be maltreated—and for what we know, may be even now at liberty."

"Ha!" cried I, with a start.

"It is not impossible," pursued Don Luis, cheerfully. "You say the owner of the hacienda, La Dona Raquel, is rich; and, with the means at her command, she and her friends would hardly remain prisoners any considerable length of time."

"You give me hope, my friend," returned I, excitedly; "I did not think of this. But then," I added, with renewed depression, "we do not know that they are held at ransom."

"Ay, Senor, we do not, and for that reason I have been anxious to devise some plan for making a search. However, let us hope for the best; and I trust it will not be long ere we shall find ourselves in a condition to act in a manner consonant to our wishes. Meantime I will dispatch a messenger to Dona Raquel's residence, to make further inquiries, and gather all the particulars of the case; and by the time he returns I feel certain we shall be prepared to act upon his intelligence."

"Oh, that I could go with him!" said I; "for the time of his absence will be a long and painful suspense. However, I believe it is the best we can do under the circumstances, and I heartily thank you, Senor, for the suggestion."

"Cheer up! cheer up!" rejoined the host; "all will yet be well, believe me! We will dispatch the messenger this very day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Widow "Young in her Weeds."

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape.
I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Entirely regardless of cost. —SAXE.

☞ The first Napoleon used to say that it was only necessary to get a lie believed for twenty-four hours for it to become history.

☞ An excellent turn was made at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, too good to be lost. A gentleman remarked that ———, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

☞ A timid gentleman meeting a doctor the other day, the following colloquy took place:—"Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?" "The cholera! have you got the cholera?" "No." "Well, take the cholera first."

☞ Another hotel poisoning is reported in Indianapolis. Fifteen persons were taken ill after supper at the Bates House, in that city, on the 6th, and continued sick all night. It is blamed on the milk.

☞ A certain waggish Federal official, who holds a position that is not gorgeously remunerative, recently, in a particularly "frank" communication to the Department at Washington, struck the key-note of office-holding qualifications by stating that only two classes of persons could hold his office with credit to themselves or the government, to wit: "*Either thieves or capitalists.*" There is a good deal more than a joke in that statement.

☞ A lady writer says:—"Some ten years ago I went to my closet to get a sponge cake, and found it covered with those little pests the red ants. Not knowing what to do with it, I laid it down on an old black-walnut table close by, and in less time than it has taken me to write this, the ants left the cake and table. I immediately took the hint, and put walnut shelves in my closets, and since that time there there has not been an insect seen.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1866.

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NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

Eaten by Rats.

The following is from the New York Daily Tribune. It is disgraceful, even for New York city:—

PRISONERS EATEN BY RATS.

One of the boys who had been arrested for stealing, and confined in a cell over night, came before the Court yesterday with *his face gnawed and bitten in a dozen places by rats.* He was confined in a cell with seventeen other boys, and he says there were in the cell "more than a thousand rats, more than so long" (indicating about a foot and a half), "and three other boys were bitten also. The rats eat our clothes and our hands and feet and faces; we couldn't sleep; we had to fight the rats all night."

This boy's story is unquestionably true. The Tombs cells are a disgrace to the city, and yet the judges can confine prisoners in no other place while they are awaiting sentence or trial.

It is a shameful and miserable truth to tell.

We shall, doubtless, one day have to chronicle some fearful horror if this thing is not remedied. A boy as young as either one of half a dozen brought yesterday before the Court, if put alone in one of these cells, might easily be devoured alive before morning.

For humanity's sake let somebody look to it.

A MISTAKE IN A BARBER'S SHOP.—A laughable mistake occurred in a Baltimore barber's shop on Thursday. Two gentlemen hung up their coats and sat down to be shaved at about the same time. One of them for whom the operation was completed first arose, and by mistake donned the other one's coat, in the pocket of which was a wallet containing $2,500. Off he walked, but a policeman soon overtook him. When the charge against him was explained, he became greatly alarmed about the safety of his own coat, in the pocket of which was the sum of $5,000. Explanations followed, coats were exchanged, and each found his money safe.

SHADING THE EYES.—Some people cover their eyes with green or other shades when anything is the matter with them. This is wrong. It is now ascertained by the best oculists that shades injure the sight instead of strengthening it, from their creating heat and inflammation in the parts affected. If the eye be injured, and light insupportable, the best way is to tie a cool linen handkerchief over it. We have heard it stated as a curious fact, that when the English army returned from Egypt, those soldiers were least affected with opthalmia who had worn no fronts to their hats.—*Cheerful Visitor.*

ANCESTORS.—An American agent recently in London, explained his business to be to "collect ancestors," and that he had been very successful. He said he had picked up many good portraits, and that with proper attention to costume and age, and some little heraldic additions, he had matched suitable husbands and wives for two or three generations, and had exported several very well assorted families, which, being provided with full credentials, were most filially adopted, and that he was continuing his highly remunerative researches. This is no fiction.

☞ The Mississippian says a gentleman in Jackson recently wrote a letter twenty-two feet long to his sweetheart.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

BOA VISTA—TRADES' UNION—A BOLIVIAN MILLIONAIRE—A MODEL VILLAGE—FREE SLAVES—TWICE WELCOMED—UP THE MOUNTAIN—THE VOLCANO—BEDS ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Don Guilherme Jose Oviedo's *estancia* was in itself a town; and as pretty, well laid out and regulated a town too as we had met with in all our wanderings. Beginning at the very base of the grim, towering old volcanic peak of Altacama, the estate, six leagues square, sloped away in gently undulating billows to the westward, presenting a magnificent diorama of forest and cleared fields, some waving with green and golden grain, others recently harvested or being turned by the plough, and more dotted over with grazing sheep and herds of horned cattle.

On the eastern side, and some two leagues from the base of the mountain, was located on both sides of a beautiful stream running zigzag down the slope, the homestead and village of Don Guilherme's immense domain. On an eminence, overlooking a wide stretch of territory, was the mansion, a vast two-storied structure, half castle, half fortress, fashioned after the best style of the old-time Moorish architecture, massive, towered, buttressed and strong walled, the material of adobe, plastered white as snow, with red tiled roof, and within lofty ceilings, wide courts and corridors, the spacious apartments having floors of tesselated marble, and artistically panelled walls hung with many fine old Spanish paintings.

To the right of the mansion, at the distance of three hundred yards, stood the church of Di Gloria, the private property of Don Guilherme, in which himself, family and his village dependents worshipped. The mansion and church were surrounded with a wide lawn, planted with all manner of ornamental and fruit bearing trees and shrubs common to the country, and midway between the two buildings a broad, handsome avenue, beautifully shaded, led down to and through the village, the nearest skirt of which was a quarter of a mile distant, the way crossing the stream by a substantial and ornamental stone bridge.

On either side of this dividing avenue, up and down the stream, the town was laid out in regular right angled squares, the houses all of adobe, white and red roofed, standing separately, with perhaps a half acre of ground allotted to each, cultivated as fruit and vegetable gardens and set round with trees and shrubs.

One of the chief beauties of the singular town was that instead of its streets being noisy, paved and dusty thoroughfares, they were grown over with green grass, dotted at short distances with beds, clumps of beautiful flowers in countless variety, the passages being beaten foot paths close along either side of all the streets. In the centre of the town was an open park of several acres, planted mostly with fruit bearing trees, and serving the purpose of market house, promenade and play ground for the *maninas*, of whom there seemed to be a greater number than I had ever seen elsewhere in a village of equal size.

On three sides of this public square were the various workshops, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, saddlers, chandlers, and whatever other craft the necessities of the town and surrounding country required. The fourth side of the plaza was occupied by stores, warehouses and sale-rooms, and along both sides of the stream were situated various manufacturing establishments, among them two snug flouring mills, a foundry, cabinetmaking establishment, and quite a respectable woollen factory, the machinery of all being mostly of North American make, and driven by water power, of which there was sufficient to drive ten times as much more.

And all this princely domain, the castle, mansion, beautiful church, town, workshops, stores, mills and machinery were the undivided property of the noble looking cavalier whom we had encountered in the pass, riding towards Cebija. And every human being inhabiting the town or living on the estate, men, women and children, were literally as much the property of Don Guilherme Oviedo as were his herds, mills, machinery, workshops, stores and manufactured wares. With the exception of *patrons*, priest, overseers and heads of departments, who were free born and still free, mostly foreigners, with their wives and families, the entire population was made up of native half breeds born on the estate, living through life and dying there, knowing no world beyond, serving their munificent master without stipulated price, and taking from his stores whatever was required for comfort or convenience, from his purse such monies as served for holiday requirements without charge. And a more thrifty, happy and well ordered community probably never dwelt together in any land.

Introduced by the intelligent Gervaise to the general superintendent, Senor Jose Gomez, a polished, gentlemanly Portuguese, he in turn introducing our party to heads of departments, directors and patrons, we were warmly welcomed, provided with such comfortable accommodations in the mansion of the proprietor as we had rarely seen in South America, and were made entirely at home without the exhibition of a particle of showy ostentation. Then usually accompanied by Senor Gomez, his accomplished wife and two charming grown-up daughters, we rode far and wide over the vast estate, visited and inspected the various mills, factories, warehouses and work-shops, passing the ten days pending the arrival of Don Gilherme and his family most delightfully. They came punctually on the day appointed, and then after another welcome and a grand fete at the mansion, and a general holiday in the village, Don Guilherme would have us remain another week, after which with Dona Dioneta, Senorita Seripha, Senor Gomez and family, and a body guard made up of some forty of his most intelligent mulatteros and *herdieros*, provided with everything that could minister to comfort, we set out from the estancia for the ascent of Mount Altacama.

For four leagues the road by a serpentine zigzag course was rather easy riding. Then it became rapidly abrupt and rugged, and after dinner, taken *en bivouac* by the wayside, our horses were abandoned to the care of a peon guard, and we shifted seats to the backs of the surer-footed, trained mountain mules provided for the purpose. From thence it was all slow, tedious, up-hill work with snail-like progress, and when we camped at night under a thicket of dwarf firs and pine at an altitude of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, our bright blazing fires, heavy *ponchos*, hot coffee, and crowding socially very close to each other, all combined did not keep us quite as comfortably warm as we could have wished ourselves. But then we had prospective comfort in the assurance of Don Guilherme that before another night we should have as much warmth as we required if we should choose to approach near enough.

So pleasantly prospecting, we shivered through the night, sleeping as we could and dreaming queer dreams, till our mulatteros's shouts and matin songs called us afoot. Then to a smoking hot breakfast served before sunrise; then to our mules and tediously toiling upwards again towards the crater.

By noon our mules were no longer available and abandoning them as we had done our horses, we betook ourselves to the steep, rugged ascent, our delicate dimity companions climbing like men, and after a severe struggle of four hours we conquered and stood upon the summit of the grand old fire-king, perhaps the most magnificent volcanic peak in the whole Andean chain. Not so lofty as Aconcagua, Illimana or Sorato, or so bleak, black, and forbidding; but bold and mysteriously enchanting in its solitary grandeur, standing there alone, nearest the sea of all the Andean volcanoes, a mighty vidette of the volcanic battalion, rising abruptly defiant from the plain, near neighbor to industry and tropical fertility.

Altacama is not properly an active volcano. That is there has been no real eruption and vomiting out of ashes, rocks, and molten lava these hundred and sixty years. Nevertheless it is continually growling, grumbling, smoking, and by times sending high aloft tongues of lurid flames, telling the inhabitants of a wide region in fiery whispers that though for a volcano very quiet, Altacama is by no means dead or quite asleep.

We found the summit of the mountain a circular plain having an outer rim raised from fifteen to twenty-five feet, with a base averaging about two hundred, as regular as an embankment thrown up in a fortification. The area of the enclosed plain is about two-thirds of a mile, with a regular slope from all sides gradually towards the crater in the centre, of which we had a very fair view from the top of the outer rim. The vent is a circular orifice about three hundred feet in diameter with a black core of some glassy vitrified substance rising like a cone several feet above the level of the opening. All around this central core clouds and puffs of yellowish white smoke fantastically streaked with tongues of brilliant flame are continually rolling up and undulating with the gentle breese that blows everlastingly over the summit of the mountain, making the scene a picture awful, unique, and withal beautifully grand beyond description.

The sloping plain within the circular rim is thickly strewn with black masses of scoria and vitrified stone in all fantastic forms and sizes, varying from the lump that the hand may grasp to the bulk of a respectable church, all doubtless sent up by the volcano at some remote period and still lying where they fell. All between these black blocks the dark brown surface was bare and smooth, nowhere encumbered with lava crust and ashes as we had expected to find it.

Not quite content with an outside view of the fiery funnel as obtained from the outer rim, several of our friends from Boa Vista among whom were Don Guilherme and Senorita Di Gloria, Senor Gomez, wife and one of his pretty daughters, and from our own party Dr. Bond, Edith O'Harra, and Kate, Cator and wife, and Senor Monteiro essayed a nearer inspection, and actually approached so near the awful chasm that the hot crust scorched the soles of their shoes, causing them to skip and dance, cutting odd antics while the bitter fumes of sulphurous flames paid their inquisitiveness with semi-suffocation.

The remainder of us, quite satisfied with a more distant acquaintance, made the circuit of the outer rim, revelling all the way as we went in a scene so grandly splendid that it seemed actual enchantment.

To the northward the snowy crests of a hundred Andean peaks sparkled and gleamed like diamond spires. Eastward, in the dim distance rose the dim phantom range of the lofty Sierra de Potosi. All between was a vast ampitheatre of magnificent valleys, rugged cliffs, mountains clad in everlasting snow, and winding water courses curving through elevated passes and lowland forests like silvery threads. Southward stretched away the mighty Andean wall dotted with volcanic peaks, here and there one puffing out clouds of white smoke like some vast giant lazily whiffing at his pipe, in the far-off distance all mingling into a pale blue haze. Westward, the great Pacific slope gracefully undulating, going gracefully down to meet the sea; and beyond, at the utmost range of telescopic vision lay the eternal Pacific, under the setting sun, shimmering afar off like a bright, beautiful silver zone binding the waist of a beautiful continent.

That view from the summit of Mount Altacama repaid ten-fold all the climbing, and fatigue, and shivering we had undergone to achieve it. But we were going to be repaid a good many times more than that now that we were masters of the situation, and prepared to repeat the pleasing entertainment as often as we would.

So we went into camp within the volcanic embankment, finding the position verifying Don Guilherme's declaration. Protected by the embankment we were so genially warmed by the great central furnace, that fires of our own making would have been superfluous, and laying off *ponchos* and all woolen wraps, after supper we celebrated our ascent with song and sentiment, and general hilarity bordering on the boisterous, until past midnight, when "turning in," as the nauticals say, or rather turning on to our blankets and ponchoes, we slept till daylight as soundly as if we had been resting in the best beds at Boa Vista. In truth sleeping in or on a volcanic hot-bed over a sea of subterranean fire, on the summit of an Andean peak, with the snow line three thousand feet below one, is, all things considered, not an unpleasant pastime.

We were all afoot in time to witness the sun's glorious rising over the far-off sierras of Potosi, and the millions of lights and shadows and every varying tints flung down by the slant beams on the world beneath our feet, exceeded many fold all the magnificence of the evening's diorama. Why will not some one of our art masters go up to such a position and paint in all its gorgeous splendor a sun-rise upon the lower world? The picture would be a new idea and well executed would make the painter immortal.

☞ People are dying of starvation in the East Indies, at the rate of 1,200 a day in three districts! Last autumn's crop of rice was a poor one.

Little Gerald.

Children have an idea that they cannot be of any comfort to grown-up people. This is a great mistake. I have seen a child of ten years old the prop and stay of a family—a mother to her little brothers and sisters, a careful housekeeper to her father. A little girl said to me lately, "I can't be of any good to you, because you are grown up." I then told her how my youngest child, a boy of only eight years old, was partly the means of saving our lives in a moment of terrible suspense and alarm. Perhaps other children may like to hear the little incident that I told her.

I went to stay with all my children at Strathmore Bay, while my husband was abroad. We were a large party, six boys and two girls. Some of the boys had just come home from Eton, and were very much pleased at the thought of spending their holidays by the sea-side. We spent the days out of door, scrambling up the rocks, boating, and lying on the shingle under the shadow of the huge black rock, Strathmore Point, from which the place was named.

Early one morning the boys came and begged me to go with them to another little bay on the other side of Strathmore Point. They declared it was not too far to walk, that beautiful shells and sea-weed were to be found in some particular spot; in short, they had set their hearts upon it, and we set off—five boys and myself; the others were too young for such a scramble as I expected this to be.

I took a book with me, and sat on the rocks while they clambered, and ran, and shouted, and laughed. The time passed so rapidly, that it was only the sudden recollection that the other children would wait dinner for us that made me look at my watch. It was past two o'clock, and we set off at ten. It had suddenly turned cold, the wind was rising, and it looked like rain. It was some time before I could collect them all with their baskets and different treasures; but at last we set off, tumbling and scrambling over the rocks till we came to the point. My eldest boy, who had run on, came back to me looking frightened, and said he thought the tide was coming in.

"Of course it is; you have dawdled so much. Come on quickly," I said.

"I don't think we can, mamma," he answered, taking hold of my hand. And then I heard the noise of the waves dashing against the huge black rock.

I ran on till the water was over my ankles. I knew that it would be higher on the other side—up to little Gerald's shoulders. Besides, the sea was rising rapidly. He would not have strength to breast those rapidly-rising waves, but probably would be carried out with the tide. I was not much frightened then: I thought there must be some path by which we could scramble up the rock. I ran quickly back to the little bay where we had been sitting, but saw none, and knew that we were only losing time. As I stood still for a moment to reflect, the "hungry, crawling foam" came nearer and nearer. The boys were terribly frightened. I had great difficulty in keeping them together; some cried, the rest implored me to save them. Then our danger suddenly dawned upon me. I thought that my boys would be drowned before my eyes—my husband come back to a desolate home. I suppose my face showed the distress I felt at that moment, for my little Gerald, who had been perfectly quiet, came up to me with his lovely face and large blue eyes—to me it then seemed like the face of an angel—and said, "Never mind, mamma, dear; let us sit down and die all together comfy (comfortable). God will take care of us, and we shall be together."

His sweet face and loving words at once brought me to myself. "My darling," I said, "I hope and believe we can get up too high for the water to reach us upon that rock." But my heart sickened as I said it, for we should be obliged to wait for hours, far into the night, till the tide turned, on a narrow ledge of rock. And who could say that the boys might not fall asleep and lose their footing? God help me, what could I do? To think was agony; but my child's sweet words rang in my ears—his calmness gave me hope, and I strained my eyes to see if there was not any other path, however dangerous, that we could attempt. But the rocks were dark and slippery, and still the sea came rolling in with a low, sullen sound.

"Let us pray," I said, and we all sank on our knees. Gerald said the Lord's Prayer aloud. "Our Father!"—those words had a more real meaning to me at that moment than in all my previous life. Suddenly I heard a shout. Was it fancy? No; it was repeated again and again. I waved my handkerchief, for I knew no one from above could hear me. In a few minutes a strong, active man swung himself from crag to crag, and was by our side.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he said. "In an hour the sea will be over all this part."

"I do, indeed; but we cannot climb these cliffs. Can you get us a boat? You will save us now!" I said, clinging to his arm in my dread of his leaving us.

"There is only time for one thing, and that is for you all to follow me. If you can keep your head steady you will be safe; but you have not a moment to lose."

We followed him up a path that makes me giddy to think of. The boys, who were used to climbing, walked steadily on; but occasionally my head reeled, and my feet failed me. At last we reached the top, and it was only when safe that I fully realized what it had been.

The man expressed his surprise at finding me so calm in such imminent peril.

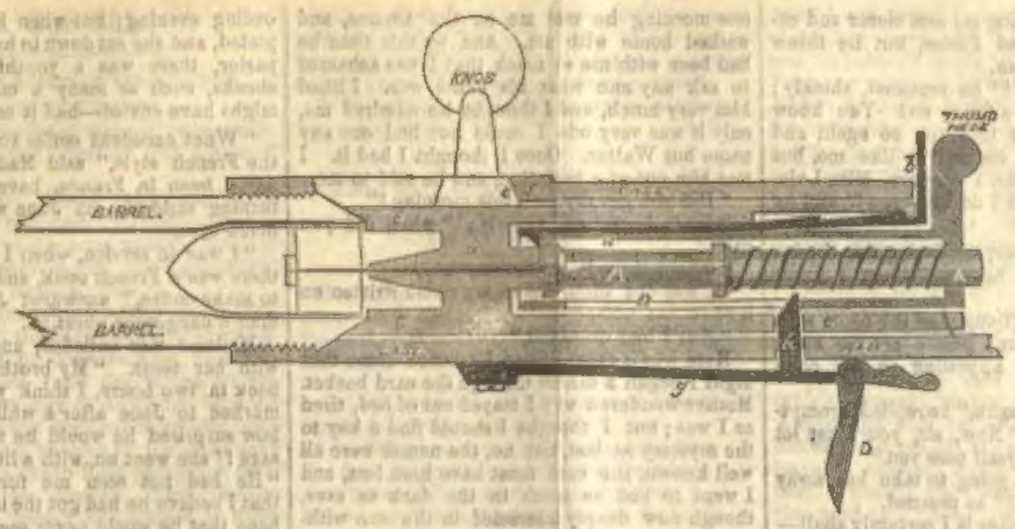
"I suppose your boys did not understand the danger. I assure you I had little hope of reaching you in time. What made you so quiet when death was staring you in the face?"

"A few words from a little child," I answered, and told him what Gerald had said.

I can never bear to think of that day; but when it comes into my mind I feel how mistaken children are when they think they can be "of no good to grown-up people."

☞ Two French peasants were discussing the continental war, when one attempted to explain to the other the nature of the telegraph. After repeatedly failing, he was struck with a brilliant notion, and exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is an immensely long dog—so long that its head is at Vienna and its tail at Paris. Well, tread on its tail, which is at Paris, and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?" "Oh, yes!" replied the other, "I have an idea now what a telegraph must be."

☞ An eminent German musician says there are better judges of music in the United States, better critics and better performers than can be found in Europe.



THE FAMOUS NEEDLE GUN.

Thinking the subscribers of THE POST would like to have an idea of the famous Prussian needle gun we have procured the above engraving.

A is the needle-bolt, carrying the needle, and furnished with two shoulders or projections *a* and *d*; the hinder part passing through the spiral spring.

BB is the lock for drawing the needle-bolt back; it is in the form of a little tube with a projecting *thumb piece* at one end, and a little tooth or catch (catching the projection *d* of the needle-bolt) at the other; it is, moreover, held in its place by the locking spring *b*, but can be drawn back when *b* is pressed down.

CC is the chamber, also tubular, in which is fixed the needle-guide *d*. This chamber slides backwards and forwards in the outer case by an action precisely similar to a street-door bolt, and it is furnished on the outside with a knob or handle by which to move it, bolt-fashion; a slot (not shown in the sectional drawing) being cut lengthwise in it to allow it to pass the catch *h*. Its bevelled or conical end exactly fits the corresponding bevelled or conical end of the barrel, and it is forced into close contact with the latter by a side-wise motion of the knob (bolt-fashion again) which motion, by thrusting the base of the knob *g* against the slightly inclined edge *f* of a slot in the outer case, jams the two bevelled surfaces together, and thus tightly closes the breech.

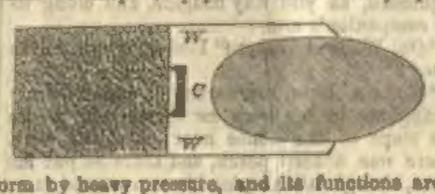
D is the trigger acting upon the spring *g*, and thus upon the catch *h*. It will be seen that the upper surface of the trigger's horizontal arm takes its purchase against the under side of the case, and that it is furnished with three knuckles or points of pressure; and it will easily be understood that, according as either of these are pressed against the case (by pull upon the trigger), so will the catch *h* be drawn down to a greater distance. The first one is in bearing when the gun is out of use: when the second or middle one is brought to bear, the catch *h* is drawn down sufficiently to allow the needle-bolt shoulder *a* to pass over it; when the third is brought to bear, *h* is so far withdrawn that the whole of the lock-tube *BB* will pass over it, so that a soldier can, if necessary, disable his gun in a moment; if he has to retreat, leaving his gun behind him, he merely pulls the trigger very hard, and draws *BB* out by the thumb-piece, and he leaves behind him an empty, useless barrel.

These various parts are thus manipulated in the process of loading and firing:—

First, the thumb is pressed upon the spring *b*, and by means of the thumb-piece the small lock-tube is drawn back, pulling with it—by means of the little tooth at the opposite end—the needle-bolt, till the shoulder *a* is caught behind the trigger-catch *h*. Then, by pulling the *knob* a little on one side, and at the same time pushing it towards the butt-end of the stock, the chamber *CC*, with the needle-guide, is slid back, and a clear space is left in that part of the case which is in our drawing occupied by the needle-guide. Through the opening thus made, the cartridge (to be presently described) is inserted into the end of the barrel, as shown by the dotted lines in our illustration. The chamber is then bolted up again, and the thumb-piece, and so the lock, is pushed forward to its original position. The position of things is then just as shown in our cut, with the exception that the needle-bolt, and with it the needle, is held back by the shoulder *a* catching against the trigger-detent *h*; the spiral spring being of course compressed, or in tension. The gun is then ready for firing; the trigger is pulled, *h* is drawn down, and the spring, released, darts the needle through the guide into the cartridge, the blunt end of the needle sharply striking the fulminate, and thus igniting the charge. All this is done in far less time than we have occupied in describing it; the whole process being easily repeated from eight to ten times in a minute.

We now come to the cartridge, which is an all important feature of the weapon, and in the design of which great ingenuity has been displayed. In consists mainly of four parts, which are held together by a paper cover, and not, as is generally the case, with a metal one. The parts are the powder, the fulminating cap, the carrier wad, and the bullet. These are arranged in the manner shown in the accompanying sketch, which is drawn of about the actual size. The bullet requires no particular mention, save that it is acorn-shaped, and weighs just about one ounce: nor does the powder; so we will simply say that it is of ordinary character and that there are seventy-six grains of it.

The important parts are the carrier-wad, marked W in the cut, and the cap containing the fulminate, marked C. The carrier-wad is made of strips of paper moulded into proper



form by heavy pressure, and its functions are fourfold. It holds the cap C, containing the fulminating compound, and protects it from chemical influence or mechanical injury; it economises the effect of the powder by receiving the first impulse of the explosion and transmitting it to the bullet; it compresses itself into the grooves of the rifling of the barrel, and imparts rotatory motion to the bullet, which hence does not touch the barrel, so that the rifle grooves can never get clogged with lead; lastly, it effectually cleanses the barrel by sweeping it through at every discharge of the gun. The wad, too, accompanies the bullet through about sixty yards of its flight, and about twenty yards from the gun it strikes a target about three or four inches from the bullet-mark, and at this distance it will pierce a three-quarter inch deal board; so that, at short range, the gun may be said to carry two fatal projectiles. Concerning the contents of the fulminating cap there is much conflicting evidence; one authority asserting that it is kept a secret by the Prussian government, another maintaining that it is no secret at all, but that it merely consists of an ordinary fulminate: doubtless it may have been a secret once, but it is now generally known to consist of a mixture of chlorate of potash, antimony and sulphur, in the proportions of five to three to two of the respective chemicals. The cartridge, we have said, is enveloped in a paper case; this case is almost, if not entirely, consumed by the combustion of the powder; and to facilitate its consumption a certain amount of air is provided for by the air-chamber or cavity surrounding the fore part of the needle-guide, so that there is no empty cartridge-case to take out of the barrel before re-loading. Another important feature is that, inasmuch as the powder is ignited from the front, it is all consumed and rendered effective, and none is blown away to no purpose.

The barrel of the gun, which we have not had previous opportunity of specifying, is, in the latest pattern, thirty-two inches long and six-teenths of an inch bore; the breech end being widened out to admit the cartridge easily; and it is rifled with four grooves three-hundredths of an inch deep, the rifling taking one turn in twenty-eight and a half inches. The total weight of the gun without the sword bayonet is ten and three quarter pounds.

The advantages claimed for the needle-gun by its advocates are chiefly these:—That the bullet is propelled through rifled grooves without violent forcing into the barrel—indeed without coming into contact with it; that the loading is simple and rapid, the ball, powder, and cap being contained in the cartridge; that the loading is from the breech; that the combustion of the powder and cartridge case is more complete than in any other guns; that the escaping gas carries but little smoke with it; that the gun is instantly disabled, if necessary. Some of these advantages are, of course, common to most breech-loaders; but there is one especial merit in the needle-gun that is not so common to other constructions, and that is the ease with which the mechanism can be made and put together: supposing the barrel and stock provided, any workmen skilled in light metal work—whitesmiths, locksmiths, gasfitters, engineers, or any other such tradesmen, could, upon emergency, turn out needle-guns without the assistance of gun-makers. Concerning the durability of the gun, it is sufficient to say that many of the battalions of Prussian fusiliers are using now the very guns served out in 1848.

A Russian countess, Madame Rimsky Korsakow, has created a great excitement in Paris during the past winter by the particularly "loud" style of dress which she adopts and her very free and easy manner. She is immensely rich, very handsome, and her rank secures her admission to the highest circles. It is said that the Empress was very jealous of her on account of the attention which she attracted, and that she attempted to banish Madame Rimsky from the court circle after she had appeared at a *bal costume* with bare legs. The countess, however, rather turned the laugh upon the cabal which was gotten up against her by expressing the opinion that she saw no more harm in bare legs than bare arms and bosoms, particularly if the former were good and the latter bad.

The ingenuity of rogues has again been shown by a new instrument for breaking into safes which was recently captured with some burglars in Philadelphia. The apparatus consists of a heavy frame-work designed to be fastened to the floor and bound together by cords. A heavy iron bar is used for a lever, which has a hole in the centre, in which a bit is inserted. The frame-work, with the bar attached, is then adjusted to the safe to be operated upon, and a hole with a thread in it cut through the door. Into this hole a screw is inserted which, when the bar is turned, draws the door out with a power that is said to be irresistible. With this novel instrument, it is also stated, the strongest safe can be opened in three hours.

☞ Melancholy.—In one of the wards in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., there is a gentle female of considerable attractiveness, who hangs about the visitors to the institution, with the repeated inquiry, "Is Col. Scott dead? They tell me the war is ended, and I am very glad of it; but do you think Col. Scott is dead?" She lost a lover in the late war.

☞ A cow in Cincinnati, in a mistake, the other day, took a feed of pine sawdust instead of bran. In the evening she gave turpentine instead of milk. So says the Cincinnati Herald.

☞ There is danger of a quarrel between Grant and Farragut, springing out of the conduct of the ladies who have met them on their journey. We are informed by Jenkins, that at one or two places the ladies had kissed the naval hero, and had merely shaken hands with the Commander-in-Chief. "This," said the General, "is easily explained. The Admiral is so old that the young ladies don't hesitate to kiss him, but they don't like to take such liberties with a young man like me." Against this the Admiral laughingly protested, ascribing the imputation on his age, to jealousy.

☞ An old maid is like an odd boot—of no use without a fellow.

MY SAXON BLONDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

They say the dark-eyed maids of Spain
Are passionate and fond;
But eyes of blue are tender and true;
Give me my Saxon blonde!

An arch coquette is the bright brunette;
Blithe and merry and gay;
Her love may last till the Summer is past,
But my blonde's forever and aye!

If bards of old the truth have told,
The Sirens have raven hair;
But o'er the earth, since art had birth,
They paint the Angels fair.

Ah, well!—may be, the truth to see,
A lover is over fond;
And I can't deny—nor will I try—
My love is a golden blonde!

☞ The mayor of Nancy is an intelligent individual. On the occasion of the recent visit of the Empress Eugenie, with her son, the mayor asked the prince imperial: "What is your age, my prince?" "I am ten," answered the prince. "So young, and already the son of the Emperor of the French!" exclaimed the mayor, with great emphasis.

☞ Shall we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so proud of his foreign connections?

☞ Some of the watering place habitues this year are described as boarder ruffians.

☞ Melancholy.—A Mr. Wooster, living in New Jersey, recently lost six children by disease. Hoping to preserve the rest of his family by a change of climate, he removed to Connecticut. In this hope he was disappointed, and now wife and eleven children are sleeping in the grave.

☞ A correspondent of the Oxford Democrat tells of an eel caught in Crooked river, in Albany, that was 5 feet 4 inches long and 3½ inches in diameter.

☞ The widow Cliquot, who recently died in France at the age of eighty-nine, accumulated by the manufacture and sale of her famous wines a fortune of from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000.

☞ The Chicago papers tell of a dog that was taken from that vicinity across the plains to California, but didn't like the country and footed it back to his old home.

☞ In Huntingdon county, Pa., last week, two children were burned to death, from playing with matches.

☞ Bishop Hopkins says that in Vermont "there are no young men looking forward to the ministry, or preparing to enter it."

Sale of the Largest Farm in Illinois.—A few days since, Michael L. Sullivan sold his farm of twenty-two thousand acres, lying six to ten miles south of this place, to Mr. Alexander, of Morgan county, for $17 per acre, or $374,000 cash. Mr. Alexander also bought the stock, grain, hay and farming utensils on the place of Mr. Sullivan, which made the whole amount of purchase money nearly or quite $500,000. Mr. Sullivan has yet a "place" of forty-five thousand acres in Iroquois county, besides more land. Mr. Alexander will "stock" the "farm" immediately with three thousand or more head of cattle. He will ship five hundred head per week to the market from this point. We "farm" out here, and do business generally on a large scale.—*Homer (Champaign County, Ill.,) Journal.*

Raw Flesh and Brandy in the Treatment of Consumption.—The method of treating consumptive diseases by raw meat and alcohol appears to have been attended with wonderful results. It has now been tried in no less than 2,000 cases, and, as we are told, in nearly all successfully. Patients have increased in weight to the extent of some five, eight, ten and thirteen pounds in the course of two or three weeks. M. Fuster recommends the adoption of his treatment for the following maladies: Impoverishment of the blood (anæmia,) ague in its last stages, typhus and typhoid fevers, albuminuria and diabetes, and also where there has been great loss of blood.

The Growth of Champagne.—A French journal, referring to the statement often made that more champagne is annually sold than the entire champagne district can raise, answers that the annual exportation is 90,000,000 bottles, only two-fifths of the average crop of the district. 135,000,000 bottles are therefore consumed at home, and the total growth is 225,000,000 bottles.

☞ A short time ago, at Appleford, England, a young child was killed by a cat lying down on its face in the cradle. The mother, not apprehending any danger, but pleased at what she thought the cat's affection, went and called a neighbor to see the two lying asleep, but they found, on removing the cat, that the infant had been smothered (which is really the explanation of the old superstition about cats "sucking the breath.")

☞ A while ago a farmer in Virginia lost his wife, and out of love for her memory, called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbor having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and this farm is now known by the name of "Glenmary Betsey."

About Bryant.

What a curious glamor hangs around the old days when this our century and its great men were both young. It is just fifty years ago—just half a century—since William Cullen Bryant published, in the North American Review, "Thanatopsis," that poem which Kit North said would alone have been sufficient to establish the author's claim to the honors of genius. It was composed four years prior to the date of its publication, when the poet was scarcely nineteen years old.

Up to 1825 Bryant resided in Great Barrington, Mass., chiefly occupied with his profession, the law. His removal to New York, which took place at that time, was brought about by means of Henry D. Sedgwick, who procured for him the position of editor of the New York Review. This was the commencement of his long career of journalism.

Cooper, the novelist, just then rising into popularity, was living in New York at that time.

"Come to dine with me," said he, one day, to Bryant. "I live at No. 345 Greenwich street."

"Put that down for me," answered Bryant, "or I shall forget the place."

"Can't you remember three—four—five?" asked Cooper, bluntly.

Bryant did remember "three—four—five," forever afterwards, for he formed with Cooper an intimate friendship.

The poet Halleck was also one of our author's first and warmest friends. While the New York Review was under Bryant's editorship Willis wrote poems for it, Bancroft, the historian, wrote metrical translations, and Richard H. Dana contributed to it his first published poem, "The Dying Raven."

How strange it seems to think of those merry young fellows turned to graybeards, now; those of them who have not passed from this sphere to the one where their youth blossoms again into immortality.

One sees Bryant, in these latter days, at the best advantage in his own home, at Cedarmere. Watching his habits there one guesses at the secret of his long and useful life. He rises at six in the morning, and exercises with dumb-bells for an hour. He congratulates himself on his slender build, and says, laughingly,—

"How much better it would be to carry a heavy load for half an hour, and then be relieved of the burden, than to carry it with one forever, at every step."

He is simple to abstemiousness in his diet. While his breakfast table is amply supplied with variety for his family and guests, he contents himself with a dish of boiled hominy and milk. He uses neither tea or coffee, though they are always offered to others. He writes chiefly in the morning, and devotes the afternoons to out-of-doors exercise, and the evenings to social enjoyment; for he is fortunately rich enough to be free from the necessity for excessive labor.

The dwelling at Cedarmere was erected in 1787, by one Richard Kirk, a thrifty Quaker; but Bryant has modernized and adapted it to his own taste, so that it possesses more individuality than most American homes. His attachment to it is very strong; and he interests himself in all the concerns of his neighbors, with hearty friendliness. May his kindly face, with its flowing silvery beard and hair, linger long under those beloved trees which rise above Cedarmere.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning?

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that will not go away,
A sweet forewarning.

☞ It is said that the Crown Princess of Prussia, eldest child of Queen Victoria, has become deranged from grief at the loss of her child, and anxiety in regard to her husband, absent with the Prussian armies.

☞ In ascending into the air, the heart beats increase 5 for the first 3,000 feet, 7 more for the next 1,500 feet, and 5 for each 1,500 feet of ascent after that. This is an average increase of one beat for each 100 yards of ascent.

☞ Longevity.—In 1864, 98 persons (28 men and 70 women) died in England after having reached 100 years of age or upwards, one woman dying at 108, and one man at 109.

☞ In Scotland there are 7,964 houses without any windows, and 226,723 houses of but one apartment each, and in them nearly 1,000,000 people, one-third of the population reside.

☞ The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throe that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

☞ A comic paper has printed a caricature representing the other planets looking with jealous eyes upon this world, because it has got a cable, while they have none.

☞ Every dramatist fancies that all his geese are Swans of Avon.

☞ What Constitutes Game.—An Italian nobleman, boasting, the other day, of the quantity of game he had on his estate in the provinces, said, "I have great quantities of partridge, woodcock, wild boar, wolves, and *about fifty brigands.*"

☞ Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering for a while, he said, "The reason is because there are more of them."

☞ A "Cholera Cigar" is the latest novelty in London. It is prepared with opium, which is imagined to be a preventive of cholera.

☞ The "Enamelled Face" is the latest novelty at Newport. The work, which is done in Paris, costs $4,000, and will last four years with proper care, and a placid expression of countenance. The preparation can be renewed three times, but the fourth attempt is sure to prove fatal.

☞ Dr. Ordway, of the Boston School Committee, says many young ladies have been flogged in the Boston schools during the past year. That sounds like old-time Puritanism.

☞ Mrs. Veal, who had lately given birth to a son, was offended at a neighbor's inquiry for the health of her young calf.

☞ An Irishman says that a coffin is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

MY CHILD.

BY THE REV. JOHN PEIRPONT.

I cannot make him dead,
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I thread the crowded street,
A satchelled lad I meet
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid,
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there.

I cannot make him dead
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care;
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly
Before the thought comes that—he is not there.

When at the cool, gray break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there.

Not there—where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there."

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us Thine afflicted ones to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

(In a recent visit to Washington a friend of mine related to me an experience of her own, which struck me as being so amusing that I have thought it worth recording. I will give it as nearly as possible in her own words, though I cannot reproduce her light laughter and her pretty sparkling manner, nor give any idea of how very pretty Lulu Vaughn looked as she told it.)

The funniest adventure I ever had in my life occurred during my last winter here, and as you have asked me to give you some idea of my history since we parted, I can scarcely do it better than by telling you all about my flirtation with the Man Without a Name.

You know what a perpetual round of new faces Washington society is, how we never meet the same set twice in the season, but how night after night one sees a bewildering host of strangers, and is introduced to a fresh crowd, half of whom you never see again, and the other half you don't know if you do.

Well, one night soon after we arrived at Willard's, I was at a Reception at Senator Castlemaine's. They had a beautiful house, and their large parlors were crowded to overflowing. I had already some gentlemen acquaintances, and was talking to two or three, when suddenly up came my cousin, Dick Ferguson—I don't think you ever saw Dick, but he is a splendid fellow, and was determined, he told me before I came to the party, to introduce crowds of people to me, as it would be his last chance, for he was going to start for California the next morning. I perceived now that he was dragging forward a tall and handsome man, and comprehended my fate.

"Such a nice fellow, Lulu!" he whispered, and then aloud, "My cousin Miss Vaughn, Mr. ——."

I did not catch the name in the least, but I did not think of that at the time, as I did not know the names of but one of the three men already near me. Two of these now moved away and my new acquaintance occupied a position at my side. He was very bright and pleasant; we were soon talking together on the footing of old acquaintance, and when we parted I promised to go to supper with him.

Before a great while he came to claim me again, and leaning on his arm I made my way out into the hall. Just as we came towards the door of the supper-room out came Foster. Do you remember him?

"The fellow who was so in love with you? and that you flirted with so badly?"

Well, yes, if you call it so. He was there, had come on from New York principally to see me I suppose. I had snubbed him intensely, for I could not bear him. Well, there he was, outrageously tipsy, and he staggered directly up to me.

"Miss Lulu," he said, in a hurried, thick voice, "Miss Lulu, you ought not to go with anybody but me; it's too bad, upon my soul it's too bad!"

I was very angry, and said coldly, "Will you allow me to pass, Mr. Foster?" for he stood directly before me.

My companion had been watching me earnestly I knew, and perceiving now by my manner that I did not approve of the fellow's proceedings, he tried to pass on, pressing my arm closer and endeavoring to go round Foster, but he threw himself in our way again.

"It's too bad I say!" he repeated, thickly; "it's too bad to snub a fellow so! You know how I love you; I've told you so again and again—and once you seemed to like me, but that was only a flirtation I suppose, Miss Lulu, you're such a flirt—but I do love you!" and he leered at me tipsily.

I glanced about in despair during this tirade; there was no one to be seen whom I knew at all.

"Oh, Mr. ——," (I supplied the name with an inarticulate murmur,) please get me away from this!" I cried, appealing to my companion.

"Certainly, Miss Vaughn," he replied, promptly; then to Foster—"Now, sir, you must let this young lady and myself pass you."

"Oh, but you ain't going to take her away from me? it's too bad!" he moaned.

"Yes, sir, as she wishes it I certainly shall—forgive me for any seeming rudeness," and with a sudden turn of his disengaged hand he sent my tormentor out of the way and up against the wall as if he had been a child.

"Now, Miss Vaughn, I will find you a seat."

We passed into the supper-room, leaving Foster still moaning that it was "too bad!" I sank down on a sofa overcome with mortification and embarrassment. Presently my escort came back to me armed with some eatables, and seated himself beside me.

"Oh, dear," I said, "I fear you will have a horrible idea of me after what you have just seen."

He looked at me with his fine dark eyes full of a sort of amused admiration.

"Oh, no!" he said. "I heard you were a flirt before I met you, and I suppose this is one of your victims, but I dare say you are somewhat excusable; it must be nearly impossible for any one as handsome as you are to keep from flirting."

Then I began to profess that I never flirted, and really at the time felt as if I never would again; while his earnest eyes were on me they seemed somehow so to awaken all my better feelings and make me ashamed of any unworthy frivolity. I felt more anxious than I had ever been before to impress this stranger favorably, and was doing my utmost to captivate him, when up rushed Dick.

"Well, Lulu, I'm off!"

"What, so soon?"

"Yes, got lots of packing to do to-night, and you know I start at six to-morrow morning. Good-bye, Walter, to my escort. Good-bye, Lulu dear, don't flirt too much."

The good fellow squeezed my hand so that he almost crushed it and made it fairly ache, and then hurried away off through the crowd. I had now learned my companion's first name, and by that for a long time I designated him in my own mind.

Dick gone, Walter and I resumed our interrupted conversation, which lasted until the friends with whom I came summoned me to go home.

"And you must go, Miss Vaughn?" he said at parting.

"It seems so."

"Then I shall see you at the Secretary's to-morrow night."

"Yes."

I went up to bid good-evening, and then took advantage of a disengaged moment to say to Mrs. Castlemaine—

"Do you know who that gentleman is over by the piano, the tall one with dark hair?"

"No I don't. Do you, Senator?"

"No," replied her husband. "I don't remember his name. I think he is some stranger."

This was not very lucid, but it was all I could learn. When I went home, I assure you I thought a good deal of Walter, as I called him, and remembering his prompt politeness when Foster was so rude, his fine eyes and his brilliant conversation, looked forward with much pleasure to seeing him again. He was at the Secretary's and quite devoted to me. By this time I was ashamed to ask him his name, and no one of whom I ventured to inquire knew it at all. This evening mamma was with me. I saw her looking hard at me when I was dancing with Walter, and I knew that presently I must introduce him to her. So I took him up and boldly mumbled something when I came to his name, covering my omissions by saying instantly "A great friend of Dick's."

This was all very well for the time, but the next evening when Walter came to Willard's and joined me in my promenade in the hall the affair began to grow serious. I was very glad to see him, but I knew I should have to make some explanation of him to papa after he was gone. We walked up and down together a long time. Every moment I liked him better, and yet every moment it grew more absurd to tell him that I did not know his name. I gathered from what he said that he lived in New York, and that he was well established in business, but he appeared to take it for granted that Dick had told me all about him. He left me at last on the arrival of two gentlemen who came especially to call upon me. One of these was a great society man and knew everybody; as he bowed to Walter, and indeed greeted him very politely, I was delighted with the thought that at last I should find out all about him.

"Mr. White, who is that gentleman?" I asked as soon as Walter was out of hearing.

"Which one?" asked he. While staring about for some new face.

"The one you just shook hands with; the one I was talking to when you came."

"He! oh, that is Mr.—Mr.—" he repeated, musingly. "I can't remember his name, it's a very odd one. He is from New York, but I thought he was an old friend of yours, he has been so devoted to you lately."

I laughed and blushed.

"Oh, no! but I really should like to know his name."

"It's droll I can't remember it," said White, "but perhaps it will come to me."

However it did not come to him, and he left me in the same hopeless ignorance. As soon as my visitors disappeared papa joined me.

"Lulu, who is that man who was with you so long early this evening?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I mean the handsome fellow you walked with," explained my father.

"Yes, I know which one you mean, but I don't know his name."

"Why, Lulu! What are you talking about?"

"The truth, papa, he is a great friend of Dick's, he introduced him to me." And then I went on to explain all I could about it.

Again for two nights at two of the great balls of the season Walter was devoted to me; then one morning he met me on the Avenue, and walked home with me. And by this time he had been with me so much that I was ashamed to ask any one what his name was. I liked him very much, and I thought he admired me, only it was very odd I could not find out any name but Walter. Once I thought I had it. I met him out at a reception, and he said to me,

"Did you get my card this morning?"

"No," I replied, eagerly; "when did you call?"

"About three."

"I was out then. Was my name written on it?"

"No; I had no pencil."

Here was a clue. When I reached home that night I began a search through the card basket. Mother wondered why I stayed out of bed, tired as I was; but I thought I should find a key to the mystery at last, but no, the names were all well known, the card must have been lost, and I went to bed as much in the dark as ever, though now deeply interested in the man without a name.

Walter's visits were mostly paid by his lounging in at Willard's while I was in the parlor, so that he had no occasion to send another card for some time. Once I came very near finding out. Young Creel arrived from New York. You know he knows every one, and I saw him talking earnestly with Walter. Soon after he came to speak to me. You remember how dreadfully he lisps. Well, he drawled out how glad he was "to thee me," and so on, and then as soon as I could, I asked him:

"Mr. Creel, who is that gentleman you were just talking with?"

"Which one, the thmall man or the th'tout one?"

"Neither; that tall one, talking to the large woman in red."

"That? Oh, that ith Mithter Cothwoth, of the firm of Cothwoth and thon. You ought to know him. Hith father ith vewy wich."

"Oh, thank you, I do know him; but what did you say the name was?"

"Cothwoth. Ah, Mith Thmith, how do do?" and Creel went off to talk with Angelique Smith.

I was as much in the dark as ever. Cothwoth, he called it; that would be Coswos, perhaps, as he lisped so dreadfully, or even Cosross, for Creel was apt to confuse the sounds of r and w. Evidently I could not call him by any of these names. I could only console myself by the reflection that I had at least something satisfactory to tell mamma, who was beginning to be very inquisitive about my admirer.

I suppose it was my habit of now always calling him Walter to myself that led to the final catastrophe and the solution of the mystery. One afternoon I was walking down a cross street, when Walter joined me. We went on together chatting pleasantly, when all of a sudden there was a rush and a clatter, and a runaway horse came plunging and tearing down the street; he was on the sidewalk, and seemed to be coming directly towards us. I was terribly frightened, as you may imagine, and clung to my companion's arm.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" I cried, "we shall be killed!"

"No, no, Lulu, my darling!" and suddenly seizing me in his arms, he sprang with me up the steps of the house near which we were. There was a deep porch, and there he put me down, though still keeping his arm around me.

The horse had swept by a second after we reached the shelter, but Walter held me close, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"Lulu, dearest, do you love me?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. ——," I began, then I faltered and stammered, "I ought not to have called you Walter."

"Yes, you ought, that and nothing else, Lulu. I love you, dearest! Tell me, can I hope you love me a little?"

I blushed desperately and half whispered, "Yes, I do;" and then, when I thought he would kiss me then and there, I hurried on, "but I had another reason for calling you Walter. I don't know what your other name is."

He stared at me. "Are you teasing me, Lulu?"

"No, indeed. I do like you ever so much; you know I do, Walter."

"My darling!"

"But I don't really know what your name is."

And then we walked away, and I told him all about it. He was very much amused; but his name *is* hard to remember; it is Cothroth, and I don't wonder I could not catch it at once. I think papa and mamma were rather horrified when they first heard of my engagement, but the unexceptionable position of Mr. Cothroth satisfied them, and now you understand that I am going to marry my Walter, who was so long the man without a name.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARIE'S DEPARTURE.

Mr. Duplessis drove up to Kingsthorpe Station in the dog-cart of his friend and admirer, Mr. Frank Challis, at nine the following morning—in fact, before Madame had arisen, as Jane Garrod told him when she went down in answer to his summons. It was no matter, he said; he would go on as far as Lea Wood, where he had a little business to transact, and be back in the course of a couple of hours at the latest; in the meantime, Mrs. Garrod would perhaps oblige him by taking that package of prepared chocolate, which he had brought specially for his sister, knowing her tastes of old, and by mixing a little of it for Madame's breakfast; and greeting Jane with a nod and a smile, he flicked a fly off the mare's left ear with his whip, and drove rapidly away.

"Chocolate! How came you by this?" demanded Madame, when Jane took up to her a cup of the beverage.

"It was brought this morning by Mr. Duplessis specially for you," answered Jane.

Madame, with a shudder, put down the cup she was raising to her lips.

"Ah, Henri, *mon frere*, we are not quite so simple as we seem!" she exclaimed; then, leaping suddenly out of bed, she flung open the casement, and with something like an imprecation, muttered under her breath, she dashed the cup and its contents into the garden below. "Take my advice," she said, turning to Jane, "and put that package behind the fire; and bring me up a cup of coffee, together with a *petit verre*—that is, a small glass of brandy—just to compose my nerves."

In the fresh light of morning, Madame looked even more sallow and haggard than on the preceding evening; but when her toilet was completed, and she sat down to breakfast in the little parlor, there was a youthful bloom on her cheeks, such as many a maiden of seventeen might have envied—had it only been natural.

"What excellent coffee you make!—quite in the French style," said Madame. "You have never been in France, have you?" she asked, turning suddenly on Jane with her suspicious black eyes.

"I was in service, when I was young, where there was a French cook, and he taught me how to make coffee," answered Jane, skillfully evading a dangerous question.

Madame was satisfied, and toyed indolently with her toast. "My brother promised to be back in two hours, I think you said?" she remarked to Jane after a while. "Poor Henri! how surprised he would be to receive my message!" she went on, with a little sneering laugh. "He had not seen me for so long a time, that I believe he had got the idea into his foolish head that he would never see me again. Let me think.—How many months has he been in this neighborhood? Ah, yes, about eighteen, to be sure. He hinted something to me last night about having fallen in love with some Miss—Miss— What was the name?"

"Miss Spencelaugh, perhaps," suggested Jane, who was quite willing, for a purpose of her own, to hear all that her lodger might have to say on this subject.

"Yes, that was the name—Miss Frederica Spencelaugh of Belair," said Madame. "The young lady is both rich and beautiful—is it not so?"

"Both," answered Jane.

"And does she favor the suit of Mr. Duplessis?"

"That is more than I can take on me to say," replied Jane. "Folk do say that the old baronet takes very kindly to the notion, and that he is very fond of Mr. Duplessis, who is up at Belair most days."

"But Mr. Duplessis, although he has enough to live on in a quiet way, is not rich; how, then, is it that so wealthy a man as this Sir Philip Spencelaugh looks with such favorable eyes on his suit?"

"Why, you see, Madame, Mr. Duplessis was fortunate enough to save the baronet's life at some place abroad, and from that time the old gentleman seemed to take a fancy to him; and then, as he says, his niece is rich enough to wed a pauper from the workhouse, if she thinks proper to do so. But, besides all that, Sir Philip is getting old and infirm, and would no doubt like to see Miss Frederica comfortably settled before anything serious happens to himself."

"But this Miss Spencelaugh has already had several suitors, has she not?"

"Yes; several."

"And rejected them all?"

"So I have been told."

"Which would seem to imply that there is some one more favored than the others, whom she cannot have, and that she will not, in consequence, have any one else. Is it not so?"

"On that point, I can say nothing. It is a matter best known to Miss Spencelaugh herself."

"If he has won the consent of the uncle," said Madame, "that of the niece will follow in due course, or else she must be very different from most other young ladies I have known, and Monsieur Henri Duplessis must have lost some of those powers of fascination which, years ago, he knew so well how to exercise."

A dark shadow seemed to settle down over madame's face as she finished speaking, and her thick black eyebrows came together without a break. For a minute or two she seemed lost in deep thought, then with a stamp of her foot she rose from the chair, and began to pace the floor of the little room, muttering disjointed sentences to herself in French, the import of which Jane caught only by fitful flashes.

"Yes, he was very fascinating, ten—fifteen years ago, this charming Monsieur Henri. He had always a grand passion for black eyes, and hair to match; to-day, it seems, his tastes remain unchanged. But behind all, always the gold—always! You are a dangerous man, Monsieur Henri. One—two fortunes are not sufficient for you: you now crave a third. But is that my affair, to-day? Ah, no, no no! The chain is broken, and each for the future makes his own road."

Jane Garrod, in her conversation with the sister of Mr. Duplessis, had not allowed that lady to suppose that her knowledge of Belair and its inmates was derived from anything more trustworthy than vague hearsay, whereas, it was, in fact, of a much more special and intimate character; for Jane Garrod had lived for many years as maid with Frederica's mother, to whom she was much attached; and after that lady's death, she stayed with the motherless girl till the latter was committed to the care of her first governess. Even after she had a husband and home of her own, Jane's humble love for the heiress of Belair lost nothing of its warmth from absence; she watched the child grow in beauty from year to year, and still persisted in looking on herself as one of that family of which she had for so many years formed a part. Her interest in the sayings and doings of the inmates of Belair was kept up by weekly visits from her niece Kitty, who was still-room maid at the Hall, and whose Sunday evenings were invariably spent with her Aunt Garrod, in pleasant gossiping respecting everything that had come under Miss Kitty's sharp eyes in the course of the week. Thus it was that Jane Garrod learned all about the frequent visits of Mr. Duplessis to Belair; and almost from the first mention of his name, she learned to hate the man—no milder word would convey the intensity of her dislike—with one of those blind, unreasoning, instinctive hatreds, which seem even more inexplicable than love at first sight, especially when, as in the present instance, no personal feelings are engaged in the case. She had seen Mr. Duplessis some half-dozen times at church, and once or twice when he had called at the station respecting the trains; but not all his winning smiles and handsome looks could soften ever so little the feeling with which she regarded him. "False, false, false!" she muttered to herself every time she saw him; "for all you look such a fine gentleman, you are a true son of the Father of Lies!" To Kitty she would sometimes say, as she was seeing the girl home through field and coppice on balmy Sunday evenings: "Why can't Miss Frederica make up her mind to wed Lord Blencowan, and he such a nice gentleman, that worships the very ground she walks on? But there's something more in my darling's heart than you and I know of, Kitty. There's somebody that she loves in secret—somebody that she can't have, and so she won't try to like anybody else. See how she's changed, from the happy, light-hearted girl she used to be! I'm getting old, Kitty, but I'm not quite blind yet; they it is who are blind who can't see that the darling is eating her heart away."

Mr. Duplessis coming back from Lea Wood about eleven o'clock, found his sister in quite an affable mood, and stayed and partook of lunch with her. He came again in the evening, and stopped till a late hour, playing écarté, and drinking cognac; and intimated on leaving, that he should call for her the next day but one, and take her away on a visit to some friends.

Madame passed a great portion of the second day in bed, reading a French novel, and was rather inclined to be captious and fault-finding; but ultimately she was brought into a better frame of mind by the nice little dinner served up by Jane, to procure the materials for which, Abel had been turned out of bed at 4 A. M., and started off by the early carrier to Eastringham. Twice she asked Jane whether it were really true that Miss Spencelaugh was such a great heiress as people represented, and on being assured that such was the fact, expressed much satisfaction.

True to his promise, Mr. Duplessis drove up to the station on the afternoon of the third day. Madame had been expecting him for half an hour past, and was therefore quite ready to start. Having settled Jane's very reasonable little bill, and having, over and above it, pressed on her acceptance a liberal douceur, which she as steadily refused to take, Mr. Duplessis assisted his sister into the gig which he had brought to fetch her, and resumed the reins; and was just on the point of starting, when Madame arrested him for a moment by laying her hand on his arm. "Let me get down, Henri Duplessis," said she to him in French, loud enough for Jane to overhear her. "I am afraid of you. I will not go with you to-day. Let me descend, I say!"

The only answer was a mocking laugh, and a sharp angry lash with the whip, which made the horse bound madly forward, and drowned all further words.

Jane Garrod standing on the step outside the door, saw a white frightened face turned to her for a moment, and then the gig and its occupants were lost round a turn of the road. "He did not say to what place he was taking her," muttered Jane to herself as she turned into the house; "he only said that he was taking her to some friends. Pray Heaven that no harm befall her! It seems to me that I've seen that gig before to-day. It surely belongs to Luke Grayling, landlord of the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood."

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. WINCH IS SOLICITED TO NAME THE DAY.

"I must say, Martha, that black becomes you amazingly."

The speaker was Mr. Brackenridge; the hour 11 P. M.; and the place, the snuggery behind the bar of the *Hand and Dagger*. The last of the parlor company was gone, the house was closed for the night, the servants were in bed, and the two who sat there were at liberty to do their courting unwatched by idle eyes. The chemist, portly but slightly bloated, lolled back in an easy-chair, a steaming glass of grog at his elbow, and a freshly-lighted cheroot between his lips; while the widow, more pale and serious-looking than ever in her mourning-dress, sat gazing steadily into the fire, with her feet resting on the fender, and her chin dropped into the hollow of one nervous masculine-looking hand.

"I should like you much better, Gurney, if you were not such a flatterer," she said, but in a tone by no means indicative of displeasure.

"I ain't a flatterer, upon my soul, Martha—at least, not in the present case," responded Brackenridge. "You do look nice, and I shouldn't care who heard me say so. You look more of a lady in a black dress than in anything else."

The widow shook her head dissentingly, but her pale cheek flushed slightly: she loved, as much as it lay in her cold nature to love any one, this burly, loud-voiced chemist, who, if he were coarse and dissipated, had at least his share of good looks; and was, besides, considerably younger than herself; and his words fell pleasantly on her ears.

"Now that we are here by ourselves, and everything jolly," resumed the chemist after a few silent puffs at his cigar, "I may as well tell you, Martha, what is uppermost in my mind, and has been for a long time, only this unfortunate business of your mother's death has made me put off speaking about it till now. Without further preface, here it is: Martha, oblige me by naming the day."

The widow's cheek flushed more deeply than before: then she sighed; then she picked up a cinder with the tongs, and deposited it carefully on the fire; and then she spoke.

"Lady Spencelaugh"—said Mrs. Winch.

"Oh, hang Lady Spencelaugh! a fig for her Ladyship!" interrupted Brackenridge with an angry snap of the fingers, before the widow could say another word. "I hope you are not going to fling that old woman in my teeth again. I've had enough of her, I can tell you. Here have I been courting you these eighteen months past; you have agreed to take me for better or worse; but whenever I speak a word about marriage, Lady Spencelaugh is straightway pitched at me, and I am expected to sit down quietly, and never say a word in return. But I can't do it, Martha; and what's more, I won't! What is Lady Spencelaugh to me, I should like to know, or I to Lady Spencelaugh, that she should be allowed to stand between the happiness of two people who are fond of one another? And why this woman should be so set against me, is past my finding out. She has never seen me above half-a-dozen times, and then only for a minute or two in the shop. And why a sensible woman like you should allow yourself to be so guided by her, is a still bigger puzzle."

A wintry smile flickered round the widow's thin lips.

"If you had not interrupted me so rudely," she said, "I was about to observe, that Lady Spencelaugh's prejudice against you, whether reasonable or unreasonable, is still a fact, but one which is not quite insurmountable."

"Go on," said Mr. Brackenridge, as he took a hearty pull at the contents of his glass. "It's all a mystification to me; I'm blessed if it ain't."

"To you, Lady Spencelaugh's opposition may seem a matter of little importance," resumed the widow; "to me, it is a very awkward fact; and I may as well tell you at once, that to marry in direct opposition to her wishes would be a course that would be very painful to me. There is, however, one method by which you might at the same time win Lady Spencelaugh's cordial support to our union, earn a handsome wedding-present for yourself, and be at liberty to name whatever day might suit you best for a certain ceremony."

Whatever playfulness the widow's words might

seem to imply, was certainly belied by the anxious and care-worn expression that sat on her pale features.

"More riddles," said Mr. Brackenridge, sententiously. "In the name of common sense, what is it you are driving at, Martha Winch?"

"Listen, and you shall learn."

She drew her chair closer to his, and laid her hand on his arm, to add weight to what she was about to say.

"You know Mr. John English, the photographer, who stayed here two nights, and who is now lodging next door to you?"

The chemist nodded.

"Lady Spenceleugh is anxious that he should quit Normanford at once and for ever; I am anxious that he should quit Normanford at once and for ever. Now, do not ask what reasons her Ladyship and I have for wishing this, because I tell you frankly that you will never know them."

"What! not when you and I are married?" burst in Brackenridge.

"Not when you and I are married—if that event ever takes place," answered the widow, calmly. "There are some things which I cannot tell even to you, and this is one of them."

"Hang me! if I haven't always thought there was some secret between you and that old madam up at Belair."

"Then your usual penetration was not at fault," responded Mrs. Winch. "There is a secret between us, and be assured that a secret it will remain. Once for all, I wish you to understand this."

"Some rubbish, I daresay, not worth the knowing," said Brackenridge, contemptuously. "But about this other business—what is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to set those quick wits of yours to work, and try whether you cannot devise some scheme by which this man could be induced to leave Normanford."

"Well, supposing that were done," said the chemist, "what could her Ladyship afford to stand in return?"

"Oh, her Ladyship is not a person to tie herself down to any terms—in fact, she would not appear at all in the matter; but any one who acted the part of a discreet friend would have no cause to think himself illiberally treated; everything, however, would depend upon the style in which the business was conducted."

"Very pleasant, but very vague," said the chemist. "For my part, I like something definite. Would that be considered as too much to give in case it was done well?" and he held up two fingers as he spoke.

The widow pursed her lips, but did not speak.

"Perhaps the case would stand that?" said Brackenridge, elevating three fingers.

The ghost of a smile flitted across the widow's sallow face.

"Would it stand another?" said the chemist, with four fingers in the air.

The widow's eyebrows lowered ominously.

"Leave everything to her Ladyship," she whispered.

"A very fine idea that!" said Brackenridge. "But, however, we won't shave it too fine just at present, especially as all the work has yet to be done; and now I come to look at the matter more closely, I'm blessed if I see how this fellow is to be got rid of, if he's determined to stay. It looks blue."

"If the matter had been an easy and straightforward one, your assistance would not have been required," said Mrs. Winch, coldly. "On one point let me warn you; there must be no violence, no scandal, no exposure—that is imperative."

"Should you call it violence if he were found dead some morning, and it were never discovered how he had met his fate?"

The eyes of the widow and the chemist met across the little table.

"You have no business to ask such a question, Gurney Brackenridge," said Mrs. Winch, sternly. "Neither Lady Spenceleugh nor I wish any harm to the young man—we only wish him away, never to come back. You are too headstrong and impulsive; it was foolish of me to mention this business to you at all. You have not discretion enough to carry it through with safety."

"I know one thing about this affair, Martha Winch," said Brackenridge, "and that is, that if this young fellow were found lying stiff and stark to-morrow, both you and Lady Spenceleugh would be anything but sorry—your good wishes go as far as that. As to being discreet or not, that will be shown best by the event. Remember, not a farthing less than three hundred. There goes the quarter to twelve: it's high time to be off." He threw away the end of his cigar, finished his grog, and got up with a yawn and a stretch of his huge muscular arms. The widow rose also. Brackenridge slid an arm round her waist, and stooped and kissed her cheek. "Ah, Martha," he said, "you do not really love me, or else you would not refuse to tell me this secret."

"I do love you, Gurney, as I never loved man before," said the widow; "and if the secret were mine alone, I would tell it you this minute. But it concerns the interests of Lady Spenceleugh, and I have sworn never to reveal it to loving soul; and I will keep my word."

"Well, well, you know best, I suppose," replied the chemist, soothingly. "We won't quarrel about it, anyhow. And as to this other business, I'll think it over, and give you my opinion to-morrow night."

"Above all things, Gurney, remember there must be no violence, no scandal, no exposure."

"And a wedding as soon after as I like, eh, old girl?"

"That is a matter which I must leave entirely to you," said the widow as bashfully as though she had numbered but seventeen summers. Then might have been heard the sound of a discreet double kiss; and after a whispered good-night, Mr. Brackenridge found himself standing in the solitary moonlit street, and heard the door of the *Hand and Dagger* bolted behind him. The expression of his face changed in a moment; he shook his clenched hand at the door he had just quitted.

"You think to come the old soldier over me, do you, you ugly cat?" he muttered with an evil scowl. "You intend to keep this secret from your own Gurney, do you? But I'll wring it out of you when we're married, or else I'll wring your neck. That old madam up at the Hall has more money than she knows what to do with, and would stand squeezing beautifully. I always felt that I was born to be a gentleman." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A wretch was heard to say the other evening at a social party, that a young lady playing a piano forte was like an ape, because her fingers were 'mong keys.

From Our Side.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"It is said that the latest style of bonnet consists of two straws tied together with a bow of ribbon."

There's another! That's the eight-and-twentieth would-be witticism I've noticed in the last week, pointing at the poor women. Ladies' bonnets, ladies' hoops, ladies' frizzes, ladies' palpitating bosoms, and—so forth!

The follies of womankind afford occupation for nine-tenths of all the cheap newspaper wits in America. Suppose, for instance, that, by a visitation of Providence, (and the masculine sex deserve it,) every vestige of anything feminine should be suddenly and mysteriously swept from the earth, what *would* become of the reporters? There wouldn't be a sharp local paragraph from one month's end to another. Even Charles Lamb, rare, gentle, genial Elia himself, in those staid elderly times when he wrote funnygraphs for the Morning Post at sixpence a joke, confessed to having excited the merriment of his readers for a whole month over the simple topic of ladies' flesh-colored silk stockings.

And the history of man runneth not back to the days when men did not take it upon themselves to regulate the wearing apparel of women. Clergymen, who ought to be in better business, orate by the hour of the vanity, the extravagance, the folly of women. The pseudo-political economist makes an electioneering speech, and whines out that the importation of costly silks for women is sending the United States government to rack and ruin. Watery novelists of the male gender, who write feeble tales with watery morals running like a blurry streak through them, make the whole crisis of their shallow plots turn upon one time-worn hinge—the extravagance of women. The hard-fisted old farmer, whose wife and daughters wear shilling calico during their mortal pilgrimage, declares day after day that they will break him up. Break him up! Such a man would pray for his wife's funeral to happen on a rainy Sunday that he mightn't be hindered from getting in his hay. And among them they keep up the hue and cry until we are so driven to the wall that, poor souls, we begin to think the Creator was guilty of an unpardonable extravagance in letting there be any women at all.

Perhaps He was.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in remarking them in others, says witty, wicked Rochefoucauld. He must have had reference particularly to the innate aptness which men display in finding fault with women. For this explains why men have abused women's dress time out of mind, while we, cowardly, meek-faced things, have borne it in perfect silence, like injured angels as we are. (A man says of us that we are too good for earth and not fit for heaven.)

And we are great fools, too. As if men didn't have just as many and just as silly fashions as women do. Just as if we couldn't have made out a stronger case even than theirs, years ago, if we'd only had the sense to do it. Extravagance, indeed! Why, a man spends more for wine, cigars, billiards and fancy pipes in a single year than would furnish one of us with pin money for five. Talk of ladies' bonnets. I wonder was there ever a woman's bonnet more stiff, inelegant, uncomfortable, and ugly than a gentleman's dress hat, looming up like a huge weathercock on a country steeple, and nearly as much at the mercy of the wind. I notice that young gentlemen, at about that era in their lives when their infant moustache is in all the inexpressible downiness of its first bloom, always affect a "plug hat." And no young lady ever made a fourth part of the fuss over her back hair, than my nephew, John Milton, made over his first moustache. He would even get up nights to see if another whisker hadn't sprouted. He brushed and combed and stroked the puny thing, and coaxed it up with pomade, and rubbed it down with hair-dye, then by way of a new remedy applied gentle friction, till at last we feared the youth was going crazy.

And talk of ladies and cotton. I wonder they have the face to do it. There was a time when I swallowed all their gammon in submissive ignorance, until an accident taught me better. I happened to see a lady ripping up one of her handsome brother's lovely summer vests. Mention cotton to me after that, will you? And speaking of that other, nameless here forevermore, the dear innocent gentlemen no doubt have forgotten all about the days of knee buckles and tights. Oh, yes. And their memories are not long enough to remember how boots came to be invented. How, more than a century ago, a certain member of the English royal household, one Prince George, was affected with a weakness in his lower extremities, so that they dwindled away to mere broomsticks, and the prevailing fashion of trowsers was in consequence especially trying to his highness. And how, to remedy this defect of nature, the royal cobbler ingeniously hit upon the plan of long boots, and so boots became the style. Gentlemen don't recollect that, of course.

Woman is a sham and a humbug. But the other side isn't. Oh, no! It never has butterfly cravats, nor make-believe neck-ties with rubber cords to fasten 'em, nor paper collars, nor false bosoms, nor little canes for show, nor frizzed hair, nor wigs, nor tight boots. Guess not. (Don't mention it above a whisper, but I, myself, Z G, once knew of a man who wore a corset.)

If you could but have seen my nephew, John Milton, when he went to his last ball. He spent two hours by the clock in dressing, spoilt a dozen bewitching ties, got moustache pomade on his shirt front, tried another, upset his pitcher, broke a small looking-glass trying to part his back hair, and finally concluded he'd go to the barber. Then he came down stairs and used profane language. Then he went to the barber, had himself frizzed, and—dodged up a dark street, carrying his hat for fear he should muss his hair. Arrived at the gentlemen's dressing-room, he tried to put on his nice boots, broke all the straps off, used more profane language, forced himself into them—at last, and then capered about among the dancers in something of the exquisite delight of a dog with the neuralgia.

P. S. He used profane language at intervals all next day.

Women use pearl-powder and rouge, and paint their eyelids, do they? Men dye their hair, their whiskers, their moustaches, and their eyebrows. And I wonder truly if the sly sinners think we don't know how they paint their cheeks, and heaven save the mark! their lips, too. I am free to confess that I have yet to see, for the first time, the woman who puts red pigment upon her lips.

And perpetually they drum into our ears woman's vanity, vanity, VANITY. Allow me to ask one question: Did you ever see a newly-fledged second lieutenant on dress-parade?

With which last sentence, as a clincher, I leave the subject. ZIG.

THE SOUL AND THE WORLD.

BY W. D. BAKER.

The following lines were suggested by a watch paper, on which my beloved mother had written the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Let mighty ocean all her stores of wealth
Incalculable—gems and treasures lost
To mortal gaze, since first a venturous man
For fame or profit loosed himself from land
And trusted all on ever changing waves,
Wash up beneath thy feet; [illegible]ed them all,
And make thy estimate—the [illegible]ke one drop
Of brine, and say, as is this [illegible]ple
Of water to the immensity from whence
It came, so is the world, the whole world, to
My soul; and still immeasurably short
Thou fallest of the truth.

Then seek earth's wealth; all on her surface take;
Then ope her veins and take her rich blood thence,
And with old Satan, from some lofty height
View thy possessions. Thou hast gained the world,
But lost thy soul! Sum up thy profit now!

Oh foolish ones! yet, by the world called wise!
Ye strive and struggle in one mighty mass,
Forgetting quite your soul's great destiny:
For what? What play ye for? Is the whole world
The valuable stake? To gain it were
A prize indeed! Does your ambition vault
So high as this? Who seeks to gain the world,
Tho' the forfeit is his soul, for something strives.
But man for trifles play, their souls the stake.
This one for fame—he gains it; and men mouth
His name until a greater comes; and then
"What shall it profit" him that he has gained—
A world? Ah, no! a shadow which
The setting of his sun deprived him of!
And lost his soul!

See fashion's votary!
She sells her soul—for what? the world?
The world, indeed! the silk worm's entrails, or
The newest shape which "fig leaves" may assume.

Another lies and cheats and calls it skill,
And hoards together gold and silver piles.
What then? His soul is lost, and has he gained
The world? Ah no! the smallest of its dust!

What shall it profit! what! can human skill
The mighty question solve? Is is too deep
For finite man's solution! Is he lost
In 'wildering mazes wandering, when proposed
But the bare question? Wisdom then suggests
The value of the soul is infinite—
It being lost, all, all is lost beside!

THREE THOUSAND A YEAR
And "The Pines."

I was a good deal shocked the other day at being told by a young fellow of my acquaintance that he was going down to L—s—d (I withhold the full name of the place for obvious reasons) to marry an heiress. Not that there is anything to be shocked at in a man marrying an heiress, or in his going down to L—s—d for the purpose; but the levity of the speaker proved to me that love, as far as he was concerned, played no part in the matter. I could not let the observation pass without comment, so I said to him at once: "Of course, the fact that the lady is an heiress is not what induces you to marry her!"

"By Jove, but it is, though!" he answered, with the shameless laugh of the true fortune-hunter.

"But you have some love for the poor girl, I presume?" said I.

"Love!" returned the fellow. "Never saw her in my life."

"Well, you intend to love her, at any rate?"

"Quite out of the question, my good fellow," said the miscreant; "and so you'd say yourself, if you saw her portrait."

"Then, may I ask, what inducement you intend to hold out to bring her to marry you?"

"Well, I flatter myself," he said, with a self-satisfied air, which his handsome face to a certain extent excused—"I flatter myself, personal appearance has something to do with these matters. Then I must of course assume a passion, though I have it not. When one fishes in the matrimonial river for gold-fish, one spins an artificial heart, you know. But what's the good of telling you this? You married for money yourself, and know all about it."

That is always the way. I am always having that thrown in my teeth: I, with whom honorable motives were of paramount importance; I, whose strict sense of what was due, not only to the lady, but to myself, would not let me stir a step towards gaining Angelina Quelch's affections, till I was convinced that my own were irreparably engaged. I marry for money! The charge is grossly unjust! but it is the way of the world. If a man marry an heiress, more especially if her beauties do not appear in the face of her, he is sure to be set down as a mere fortune-hunter. What! are plain heiresses never to marry? Is their money during their life to advantage no one but themselves, and at their death, to swell the store of some distant relative perhaps already over-rich? If they are not the kind of people with whom one would fall desperately in love at first sight, is love for them, therefore, a thing impossible? Do not believe it. A man may fall in love with any woman he likes, if he will but make up his mind to it. Marriages are made in heaven, says a proverb. Possibly! I won't take upon myself to deny it; but, says another proverb, Heaven helps them that help themselves, which is entirely my view of the matter. Love may be acquired, may be cultivated as certainly as mangold-wurzels; and love once secured, the charge of marrying for money falls impotently to the ground. Take my own case.

Angelina, only child of the late Gabriel Smith Quelch, Esq., of "the Pines," Honeyton—three thousand a year and "the Pines," bless her!—first shone upon my view some five years ago, when I was seriously considering the necessity of settling down, and taking to some regular and respectable mode of obtaining an income. From my youth up, however, I have had a hearty dislike for trades and professions, and, in fact, for everything which comes under the head of getting your own living; so what wonder that, as I was ruefully reflecting upon the various disagreeables connected with Law, Physic, and Divinity, or chewing the cud of still bitterer fancies regarding cotton, silk, and indigo, the vision of Angelina should break in upon the darkness of my thoughts like a flash of inspiration into the soul of a poet—like a ray of sunlight into the gloom of a prison—like the distant shout "Reprieve!" upon the ears of the despairing wretch with whose neck-gear Calcraft's accursed fingers are already fumbling! A marriage with her, it was quite clear, would deliver me from all my perplexity; so, without losing a moment, I took measures to ascertain that it was all right with regard to the three thousand and "the Pines," and then proceeded to consider whether or not the alliance was practicable.

My honorable feelings at once pointed out to me that the first necessity in the matter was, that I should fall in love with the lady. This I resolved to do in as short a time as possible. It is a process of no very great difficulty to the well regulated mind. You cannot certainly order so much love at a shop, or get it down from London packed in cotton wool—this side up: very fragile—but you can get it nevertheless. Let the would-be lover give his whole mind to it, and success is certain. I don't mean to say that you can—if I may be allowed the term—"coach" that boyish, weeping, rhyming, next-door-to-suicide, unreasoning passion that you read about in novels. You may, for all I know to the contrary, be able to go as far even as this; but as I am only speaking from my own experience, I will not assert it. In my own case, I succeeded in getting a neat, durable, respectable article enough; one in which I had no fear that the colors would run, or that, from its over-brilliancy when new, it might come to look tawdry. But how did I get it? I will tell you. What is the first element of success? What is that quality which in time may make an occupation, at first sight disagreeable, interesting, nay, even seductive? Earnestness. Good. I was terribly in earnest about it: I determined to do or die. "A coffin," said I, or "St. George's, Hanover Square." I made Angelina Quelch the great fact in my life; I thought about her the first thing in the morning; I meditated upon her the last thing at night. I asked myself, when in doubt about anything: "What would Angelina say? Would Angelina like it?" I spoke of her to myself as "My Angelina." I made affectionate diminutives of her name; I would style her playfully, Angy; more pathetically, Leena; passionately, and in the accent of Gaul, Ange. I would rally myself occasionally upon the subject of my passion; I would say: "If you don't take care, old fellow, you'll get spooney in that quarter;" or: "It strikes me, my friend, that we are getting rather sweet upon the Quelch;" or such like. I kept up the fiction of Angelina's being an object of vital interest to me, of there being some secret sympathy between us, so constantly and perseveringly, that in time I began to think of it not as all as a fiction, but as something real. This was the first step.

I then set myself vigorously to discover beauties in Angelina Quelch; a rather hopeless undertaking, at first sight. To any eye but that of affection, she was a very ordinary-looking girl. Her features were certainly not beautiful. No artist would have taken a single one at a gift. Wangles, who painted a full-length of her, called her "Faulty;" Stipple, only commissioned to make a chalk-drawing of the head, called her "Hideous." Her beauty was necessarily, then, to be looked for in the expression, and abundance of expression she could of a surety lay no claim to. She had a habit, probably a displeasing one to any but the eye of love, of leaving her mouth ajar, as if, when she had finished speaking, she had forgotten to shut the door after her, and in consequence all the expression of her face had seized its opportunity, and escaped; and I am bound to add that, when she remembered herself, and closed her mouth, strangers might be excused for thinking that the remedy had been delayed too long, and that the door was not shut till the steed had been stolen. Even to my eyes, I confess it was for some time difficult to make much out; but after close study I perceived that the strong point in her character, which her expression interpreted to admiration—and how true it is that the plainest things often puzzle us the most—was simplicity—a singular and beautiful simplicity. If I love one thing in a woman, in these days of affectation and disguise, it is simplicity; and in every line of Angelina's face there was an astonishingly simple, I had almost written vacant, air. I at once confessed that here was the wife for me; my heart told me instantly that this was the woman for my money, as my reason had long since told me that I was the man for her. That night I dreamed about her, and then I knew that it was all over with me; that I was irretrievably in love.

The first impediment to the marriage being thus satisfactorily got over, I had no longer any hesitation about going in for Angelina heartily; accordingly, I made myself as agreeable to her as I could, paid her as much attention as opportunity would allow, and was, as I hoped, getting on very well, when I was exceedingly disturbed by a conversation which I had with Purkiss. He met me one morning not far from the lodge-gate of "the Pines," as I was strolling along thinking how decidedly the composers of the marriage-service had missed my case when they arranged for the bridegroom to say that with all his worldly goods he her endowed; he stopped me, and addressed me thus: "Ha, Lobbs, my friend, how are you? Always at your post, eh? Watching for your prey like a spider, ha, ha! 'Where the carcass is, the eagles'—you know all about it, I see. O my ducats and my daughter! But it can't be done, old fellow; it can't be done."

Though there was no mistaking the offensive significance of these remarks, I concealed my disgust, and inquired, with well-feigned indifference, what the business was *quod non erat faciendum?*

"Come, come," said Purkiss; "let's have no false shame. I know perfectly well that you are making a dead set at the Quelch. Don't be ashamed of it, at any rate."

"Ashamed of it, Mr. Purkiss!" I returned stiffly. "If you are alluding to my affection for Miss Quelch—"

"Not at all," said Purkiss; "nothing of the kind entered my head, I assure you."

"Then I beg you to understand, I said, "that my affection for that lady is real and earnest. I worship her; I idolize her."

"Just so," said Purkiss. "'And covetousness, which is idolatry.' Isn't that how it runs? But, my dear sir, you surely don't mean to say that you are ignorant that the Quelch has vowed never to marry, because she's certain that the men will come for her money, and not for herself? Why, what chance do you think you've got? Jove!" continued Purkiss, with anything but a complimentary glance at my figure, "don't you remember Fokesall? Fine tall fellow was Fokesall." [I am not tall]—"six feet two, if he was an inch: man of most fascinating manners, and the best hand at a compliment I ever knew. Well! she gave him notice to quit incontinent, when he offered his hand and his six feet two. Much obliged, but had decided not to marry. Then there was Pagnell, Captain Pagnell: you recollect? Remarkably handsome man, you know, he was." [I am not—not remarkably handsome.] "He came down on purpose to marry her, and thoroughly understood the business too. Went in for it methodically; sighed, flattered, made her presents, and all that sort of thing; proposed, and yet, Right about face; march! was the word; and away went the captain, utterly discomfited. Bless my soul, she has had a hundred offers, and refused them all! In fact, it's not the least use; and it's a pity that all her suitors can't come to the poor girl in the shape of an amatory Briareus, so that she might refuse all their hundred hands at once, and have done with them. Give it up, my good fellow; take my advice, and give it up. Charming weather, isn't it? Bye, bye."

I don't know an unpleasanter man to talk to than Purkiss.

Here was matter for very serious reflection. Should I take Purkiss's advice, and give it up? What ground had I for expecting success, when Fokesall, six feet two inches high, singularly fascinating, and a wonder at a compliment, was declined with thanks; and when Pagnell, though remarkably handsome, and thoroughly understanding the business, was driven back in confusion? What chance was there for me, possessed neither of Fokesall's extraordinary stature and fascinating manners, nor of Pagnell's remarkable beauty and thorough knowledge of business? None, certainly, if I used the same means which failed with them. But to attack her with the ordinary weapons of love-making, was to fight your enemy in a way which you knew he had made every preparation to resist. How if I tried another plan? Here was Angelina Quelch, the victor, according to Purkiss, of a hundred fights, quite prepared against flattery, sighs, soft looks, and all the ordinary artillery of love. How if I were to make use of none of these practices—if I were to be as unlike her other lovers as possible? They, forgetting that the great point was to quiet her suspicions, and to persuade her that they were in love with herself, had affected to see in her extraordinary beauty and attractiveness, and so represented themselves as in love with something which she could not but feel was very unlike herself. This might have succeeded with some women: if she had not been an heiress, it might have succeeded with Miss Quelch; but as matters stood, it had utterly failed. How would it do, then, if I, instead of ascribing to her all manner of grace and beauty, as if such qualities were necessary to make her worthy of my love, were to show that I thought of her only as she knew herself to be, and loved her for what she was. This should be my line. Common-sense and, to a certain extent, candor should characterise my treatment of her, and a leaf out of her own book should, I hoped, aid me more than volumes of the ordinary Art of Love. That very afternoon, I started a report that I had resolved never to marry, and that I had devoted myself to a missionary career in the Fuejee Islands.

A decided change in my behavior to Angelina was now of course necessary. I had before lost no opportunity of throwing myself in her way, and of pressing my attentions upon her. I now changed all that. I did not seek her society; I avoided quiet after-dinner conversations with her. I, on one occasion, gave my voice in favor of fair beauties—Angelina was dark, not to say tawny—and on another, with seeming reluctance, expressed my opinion that height was essential to perfect beauty—Angelina was short, not to say dumpy. I asserted strongly that *carte de visite* portraits only did justice to very plain women, that they spoiled pretty faces; and then, after a decent interval, warmly praised her own photograph with the emphatic commendation that it was as like as life. Anxious, however, not to discourage her, and desirous, besides, to suggest that beauty which pleased the eye might not always be calculated to satisfy the heart, I said that the real charm of a woman's face lay not in regularity of feature, but in expression; and, mindful of the case in point, I added that very much even of that was not necessary. In spite of the success which these tactics deserved, I do not know what I should have done without Miss Suffle's assistance. Miss Suffle was my friend in the enemy's camp. Young ladies who have taken the senseless resolve not to marry—every one who has had any acquaintance amongst plain heiresses, and hysterical girls with anti-nuptial notions, will bear me out in this statement—habitually form exaggerated friendships for some person of their own sex. They must have some confidante to whom they can perpetually repeat their unreasonable resolution, and with whom they can argue and argue again upon its wisdom. These friendships, though, while they last, very passionate, are not very enduring; and it would be against reason that they should be so. They have to supply the place of that tender feeling which the heiress, but for her unhappy position, would glory in entertaining for a lover; and it is no matter for surprise, that, the desire for a warmer love unsatisfied, they should wax and wane, should grow up in a night and perish in a night, like Jonah's gourd, and that the heiress, disappointed in one, should try another, and then another, only to be disappointed in all. I confess that I have known one or two cases where a friendship of this kind has been a wonder of constancy, but this was either because of some very extraordinary merit in the object, or else—the much more probable reason—because the heiress had for the object's brother a sneaking kindness, which she would not confess even to herself. However, in the present case, Miss Suffle was the object of Miss Quelch's devoted affection, and Miss Suffle had no brother. Now Miss Suffle and I were great friends; we always had been friends from our childhood upwards; a thorough brother-and-sister attachment existed between us, so it was no wonder that I should inform her of my love for Miss Quelch, and ask her assistance.

"I will do all I can for you, Gustavus," she said; "but I can't give you any great hopes of

success. Dearest Angelina is so suspicious of mercenary motives in all the men who approach her, that I am afraid you have very little chance. I wish it would be otherwise, I am sure, for she is quite the dearest girl in the world." Then, after a pause: "Gustavus."

"Emilia."

"You, Gustavus, would not affect a love that you did not feel, I am sure." Meaning, of course, that she suspected very strongly that I would. I laid my hand upon my heart, and solemnly closed one eye, as if to convey some faint idea of my singleness of purpose. "You would not, for so many thousands a year—"

"Three and 'the Pines,'" I murmured, rather incautiously.

Emilia paused a moment, and then laughed. "You are like all the rest of them. It's the gold frame, and not the picture, that's valuable in your eyes."

This, after all the trouble I had taken to get up a *bona fide* attachment, was too bad.

"Look here, Milly," I said: "I am severely in love with Angelina Quelch; you can believe it or not as you please, of course; but it's the truth. Now, will you help me or not?"

"You are really in love with her?"

"I am." And the reader knows I spoke truly. Hadn't I dreamed about her?

"Very well," said Milly; "then I will do my best."

I pressed her hand, and in a low voice confided to her the little rumor which I had started bearing upon my views with regard to matrimony and the Feejee Islands. I hinted that she might refer to this rumor in conversation with Angelina, and express some regret at the loss which the neighborhood was about to sustain. It might then be advisable to refer more particularly to the vow of celibacy, and to profess much astonishment that a man of such strong domestic tendencies should have formed such a resolution. She was carefully to mark how these communications were received by the Quelch, and lightly to bring me word. And exceedingly kind it was of Milly Suffle to help me in this way, though I suppose any other woman would have done the same. For when you come to think of it, what woman could resist the offer of a part in a drama of courtship and marriage? Bless them! if they can't play the first lady, they will play the second, or the first bride's-maid, or the last, or the faithful or unfaithful friend, or anything you like, sooner than be out of the piece.

The first intimation I received that the Suffle agency was doing its work, was at a dinner-party at old Suffle's, a few nights after my conference with Milly. I was seated, by Emilia's arrangement, between herself and the Quelch, who, after sitting without uttering a word for some time, while Milly and I carried on a—well, to tell the honest truth, a not quite impromptu conversation, calculated to convey the notion, that for candor, generosity, and high principle, I might safely back myself at long odds against all-comers, suddenly addressed me: "Mr. Lobbs."

I turned towards her; my natural frankness, as shown by my conversation with Miss Suffle, struggling against a certain constrained manner which I now thought proper to assume in my conversation with Miss Quelch.

"Mr. Lobbs, the Feejee Islands"—mind, not a soul had referred to them—"where are the Feejee Islands?"

Now, this question, though very gratifying when taken as evidence that Milly's influence was at work, was at the same time rather embarrassing, for, upon my honor! I did not know; I had forgotten to look. I glanced for help to Milly; she raised her eyebrows, and gave her head a little shake.

"The Feejee Islands!" I said.

"Yes, where you are going to, you know."

I imitated a forced laugh with some success, and said:

"Not fair, Milly. What have you been telling Miss Quelch about the Feejee Islands?"

"I only mentioned that you were going there," said Milly, "and how sorry we all were."

"Why do you go, Mr. Lobbs?" asked the queen of my affections.

"The benighted ignorance of those unhappy savages, Miss Quelch," I answered, "imperatively claims the aid of every one who has no ties to bind him to his native land."

"What sort of ties do you mean?" inquired the Quelch.

"Oh! a wife to protect, or—or property to look after, or such like."

"Why don't you take to yourself a tie of the first kind, and not go to those horrid savages, then?" said my soul's desire in a low voice.

I listened with pricked ears, and my heart beat wildly. This seemed so far surpassing my hopes, that I thought I might venture upon something to the purpose.

"Ah, Miss Quelch," I said, imitating her low tone; "if she whom I— But pshaw!"—for I did not altogether like the composed look of her face—"it's folly to think of it."

"Folly!" said the Quelch. "Ah! you don't know how fond she is of you."

"Who?" I said, with difficulty suppressing my feelings.

"Who!" whispered the Quelch. "Why, Milly, of course."

"The Feejee Islands, Miss Quelch," I said, "to which I am proceeding in a very short time, are in the North Atlantic Ocean, latitude 30 deg. north, longitude 24 deg. west."

This was not quite correct: in fact, on referring afterwards to an atlas, I found that the islands were in the South Pacific, latitude 18 deg. 30 min. south, longitude 178 deg. west; but I was so thoroughly thrown out of my own bearings by her answer, that I scarcely knew where I was myself, much less, the Feejee Islands.

"You've done it now, my fair friend," said I very sulkily to Milly when we were in the drawing-room; "you've done it now, and no mistake."

"What have I done, Gus?" inquired Milly.

"Done! Why, given Angelina to understand that I'm in love with you; at least, that you are in love with me, which is just as bad."

"Not have I!" said Milly laughing. "Never mind; I'll soon set that right."

"You'd better," I said, "or the game's up. Oh! and I say, we'd better fix a day for my actual departure. What do you say to this day-week? Do you think we can bring her to the point by then?"

"Well, Gus," said Milly, "if you are not the most conceited— Why, do you suppose that Angelina is to fall desperately in love with you—for it must be real love in her case, mind—in the space of a week?"

"I don't see why she shouldn't," I returned. "And you have, let me tell you, a very unpleasant way of speaking of my feelings on this subject. Real love, indeed! Do you think, if mine were not real love, that I should give myself all this confounded trouble about the girl?"

"And do you think," said Milly, "that if yours were real love, you would talk about trouble in that fashion, you dreadful hypocrite?"

Queer girl, the Suffle—full of strange, romantic, exaggerated notions. Well, we fixed that day-month positively, no abatement, for my departure.

As it was very desirable that I should be, during this month, as much as possible before Angelina's eyes and in her thoughts, I asked her whether she would allow me to have a few lessons from her gardener, as acknowledged master of his useful art, in the planting, gathering, and general culture of the potato, as a thorough acquaintance with the manners of that esculent plant might be of the greatest use to me in my future career. She willingly consented; and during the next week, I labored, always within sight of her windows, and with my sleeves turned up, to show my earnestness of purpose and my forearm, which is remarkably fine, at the digging of those detestable roots. I have had a mortal hatred for potatoes ever since. Occasionally, she and Milly Suffle would come out and talk to me for a short time while I was thus employed; and when they made their appearance, which I took care never to perceive till they were close upon me, I would start, and make a pretence of cheerfulness, which evidently was not unnoticed by my adored mistress. "Well, Dixon," she said to the gardener one day, "how does your pupil get on?"

"He works like a 'orse, mum," said Dixon. "He'll teach them Fijy'uns a thing or two consarnin' taters, I warn't. But I think it's a pity he don't stay at 'ome, and leave them Fijy'uns to their own dewices."

Said the Quelch: "I wish you could persuade him to think so too, Dixon," and retired with Emilia. If Dixon did not get drunk that night, it was not because he had not the means.

So the first week passed; and though I hoped that she was rather interested in my case, yet I felt that it would be madness to venture upon any disclosure of my feelings at present. The next week, at the suggestion of Dixon, who assured me that if there was one vegetable production better fitted than another to soften the manners of a cannibal, and prevent him from being ferocious, it was "sparrergrass," I devoted myself to the study of asparagus; and, as before, my precious jewel would often come, arm in arm with Emilia, and pay her slave a visit; and she scarcely ever left me without, in some way or other, expressing her regret at my rash undertaking, to which I would make some reply, so artfully managed, that, while it could not fail to awaken an admiration for my heroic devotion in a good cause, was, at the same time, calculated to create and foster a suspicion that there was a secret sorrow somewhere. And so the second week passed, and still I dared not speak.

As half the time had now gone by, and as I could not flatter myself that I had made any decided progress, it was quite clear to Milly and myself that the enemy must be brought to closer quarters. Accordingly, we held a council of war, which resulted in my asking Angelina to allow me to search in her library—a very well-stocked one; for old Quelch, when he furnished the house, went in most lavishly for library shelves, and gave an eminent bookseller *carte blanche* as to the filling of them—for any works bearing upon the subject of missionary labors, and the natural history of the savages of the South Pacific. By this arrangement, I was in Angelina's house daily for some time, and, in consequence, saw her constantly; to the great disgust of an old lady who lived with her—a tenth cousin ten times removed, or some near relation of that kind—and who, the wish in her case being decidedly not father to the thought, never, I am certain, thought that I really meant to go to the Feejees, although, I am equally certain, she wished it with all her heart. In spite, however, of these constant meetings, and in spite of my being beholden to Angelina in this way—and there is nothing more likely to influence a woman in your favor than putting yourself under an obligation to her—and in spite of the never-failing support of Milly, my faithful ally, it seemed to me that at the end of this, the third week, I had not advanced a step. So desperate a case required a desperate remedy; Milly and I took serious counsel together, and at last resolved to set the success or failure of the whole business upon one throw. Milly was to tell her that she had found out my secret; that I was in love, passionately in love, with Angelina; and that, unable to conquer my passion, and, from my honorable feelings, still more unable to disclose it, when mercenary motives might be attributed to me, I had desperately resolved upon abandoning happiness and home, and going in for celibacy and exile. My one was to avoid my soul's desire resolutely; to keep out of her sight carefully, and not to exchange a word or a glance with her till the day before the one fixed for my departure, when I was to go and wish her farewell. This was a week of awful anxiety to me; any one who has been really in love will, I am sure, understand my feelings, and sympathize with me. Supposing this were to fail—this last resource—I should have to go away, and live in London, or Brighton, or somewhere; and then the disappointment of it, after hoping that I was about to secure an establishment for life!

I never spent a more terribly trying week since I was born. I seemed to have set my very soul upon the cast; for I could not but fear that all my better nature would give way under so terrible a disappointment, and would leave me a treacherous, heartless, unprincipled man. Ah! people laugh and jeer at the anxieties and sorrows of lovers, but, by Jove! there's nothing laughable about them. Well, Milly reported that when she communicated my secret to Angelina the light of my eyes blushed a good deal; stared considerably; laughed a little—which looked bad; cried a little—which looked better—wished she had been born a beggar—charming little idiot—and prayed her own dear Milly not to refer to the matter again; to say no more about it, to oblige her. I did not know what to think of this conduct, neither did Milly. The days passed, and still she said nothing; and whenever Milly tried to say a word for me, Angelina stopped her with: "There! don't talk about that, please, darling;" or some confoundedly provoking speech of that kind. Indeed, the only satisfactory or sensible thing that my blessed angel said the whole time, so far as I could learn, was, that she supposed Mr. Lobbs would not go to his horrid savages without wishing her good-bye first. And in this state of utter darkness, on the day before my day of departure, I took my way to "the Pines," and asked to see Miss Quelch. She blushed amazingly when my name was announced, and looked a good deal embarrassed; and, as regarded myself, my emotion may be imagined; for, as I saw her sitting in that tastefully furnished room, most expensively dressed, and with a bracelet on her arm that must have cost a couple of hundreds at least; and when, through the window behind her, I caught sight of the splendid timber in the avenue, and the flower-beds glowing with a thousand gorgeous colors—I felt that she who was the mistress of all these was indeed the mistress of my heart also; I vowed anew, that where her home was, mine, if I could so arrange it, should also be; and, trembling like an aspen leaf, I "owned thy power, mysterious, mighty Love."

"I am come to wish you good-bye, Miss Quelch," I said, with a quaver in my voice that was genuine, upon my honor! and then, as I have seen a skillful rider show off his horse by alternately loosing him and checking him, I gave a sigh, let head pulled it up again suddenly, executed with triumphant success—for I saw myself in the glass—a sickly smile, and awaited her reply.

"Are you really going, then, Mr. Lobbs?" said the Quelch, so pensively that I took heart a little.

"Off to-morrow early," I replied, as if with feigned cheerfulness; "before you will be awake, I dare say. Sail on Thursday."

"Are the Feejee wretches cannibals?" asked Angelina. "Milly thinks they are. But they're not, are they? Say they're not cannibals?" And there was in the remark a tone of sincere interest that I very highly approved of.

"Cannibals!" I answered; "alas, yes. But what does it matter? So long as one is in the path of duty, what does it matter whether one's fate comes in the shape of a rifle-ball or a Feejee Islander, whether we meet it in the mouth of a cannon or of a cannibal? Cannibals they are indeed."

"Then how foolish, how—how cruel of you to go," said my angel petulantly, turning her face away, and resting her elbow on the mantel-piece. My heart commenced singing a psalm.

"Cruel!" I said, softly. "Cruel to whom?"

"Why, to a-a-all your friends," said the Quelch, with a decided sob.

"My friends won't break their hearts about it," I replied, rather bitterly.

"You evidently know nothing about their hearts, though you are so c-c-clever," returned the Quelch, trying to be sarcastic, and not succeeding, the bewitching little fool.

"I know as much as I care to know about the hearts of all except one, and"—said I, determined to hesitate no longer, and speaking rapidly, as if my feelings were at last too strong to be restrained—"and that heart is yours, Miss Quelch. Oh! Angelina, when I felt long ago how deeply I loved you, fearing that you would think me a mere mercenary suitor like the crowds that have flattered round you, I made a desperate resolution never to marry, gave up all thoughts of happiness, and determined to carry my shattered hopes and broken heart to the man-eating savages of Feejee. Even now, I am on the point of departing. I come here this morning to bid you farewell; my resolution taken, my boxes packed up, and the 'bus already instructed to call for them early to-morrow. One thing alone can prevent my going now, and that is a word from you. If you say, Go; farewell, I am gone; but if you say, Stay"—and I threw the major portion of my soul into my eyes, drew her hand gently from her face—the rings on her fingers were a dowry in themselves—and looked fixedly at her. She gave three distinct sobs; looked hard at a diamond ring upon her finger, and muttered: "Is it real? Is it real?"—which I can positively assure her it was, for I had been remarking it for some time—shed a flood of tears—and tears don't suit her—cried out: "Oh, stay, stay for my sake;" and my triumphant arms caught lovingly to my throbbing breast three thousand a year and "the Pines."

And yet I am accused of having married for money! Oh, the uncharitableness of this world!

From Victor Hugo.

"Sweet flower of Love, garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What makest thou, O ever-yawning Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulf of gloom?
I of those tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odors all together blent,
But thou"—"Reproach me not, O plaintive flower!
But learn that, by a deep, mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

☞ A. T. Stewart's (of New York) income is larger than the annual salaries combined of the President of the United States, the Governors of all the States, Senators and Congressmen, State officers and members of the Legislatures of the different States.

☞ Law is like a slave; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

☞ An English stone mason was recently heard to remark, "I am not going to fight for a country where I don't own a square yard of land." That's a sermon for English statesmen.

☞ Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

☞ The Bangor postmaster was on the witness stand in a larceny case the other day. "You are the postmaster of this city?" asked the county attorney. The answer was, "I am, or was when I started from the post office."

☞ Jones said to Hawkins, a crusty old bachelor, "What a pity that poor old Golden has gone blind. Loss of sight is a terrible thing, and the poor fellow's eyes are quite sealed up." "Let him marry, then," exclaimed the waspish old celibate; "let him marry, and if *that* don't open his eyes, then—then—his case is indeed hopeless!"

☞ In the late campaign in Louisiana, a party of Confederates, marching through a swamp, were ordered to form two deep. A corporal immediately exclaimed, "I'm too deep already; I am up to the middle."

☞ A quaint old Methodist preacher of Texas, years ago, used to announce his text thus: "You will find my text in the eighth chapter of Isaiah, ninth verse. And if you don't find it there, you will find it, if you hunt the Book through from Genesis to Revelations: an if you don't find it then, you will find a great many things which will do you a power of good."

☞ The name of Fisherville, in Windham county, Conn., has been changed to North Grosvenor Dale. An Irish inhabitant of the town says, "It's a dale too much name."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. SCOTT.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The first time I ever saw the late Lieutenant-General Scott, he was fifty years of age, and I was fourteen. He lived then at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he had a large, old and dilapidated mansion, that stood in the midst of grounds worse kept than any others in the neighborhood. The General was seldom at home in those days, and during his long absences there was nobody in the house except the family in charge.

At that time, too, Gen. Scott had little more than his pay and allowances as a Major-General, and his family was an expensive one. Moreover, a general on distant service, or in active campaigning, has to maintain two establishments, both of which should be upon a scale of some liberality. His family have to be maintained at home, and his own tent in the field ought to be the scene of frequent hospitality. Some of our generals, during the late war, were compelled sometimes to keep up three establishments, one at home, one in the field, and one at the headquarters of their department. This was frequently the case with Gen. B. F. Butler, who spent, during the five years he was in the service, a little more than three times as much as he received. Gen. Scott, for many years of his life, was constantly pinched to make his six thousand dollars a year last till the year was at an end, and hence the forlorn appearance of his house and grounds.

But his own appearance was most strikingly superb thirty years ago. I saw him as he was stepping on board a steamboat at Elizabethport, in undress uniform, with a magnificent blue cloak upon his shoulders, lined with red. His height, as I afterwards heard him say, was six feet four inches, and his form was finely developed, erect and symmetrical. His dark hair had not yet begun to turn gray. Take him for all in all, he was the most imposing person, at first sight, that I ever beheld. As he walked down the plank of the steamboat with his martial cloak around him, followed by a colored servant carrying a portmanteau, and saluted by every one whom he passed, the school-boy was thrilled and overwhelmed by the gorgeous apparition. There was something even about the portmanteau that was distinguished, and the black man who was carrying it was an object of interest, if not of veneration, to the assembled youth upon the wharf.

When next I saw General Scott, his head was white with the snows of seventy winters, and his giant form had lost much of its spring, though nothing of its erectness and majesty. It was here in New York that I saw him, at his headquarters in Twelfth St.; for the enmity and vituperation of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, had induced him (as I always supposed) to transfer his official residence from Washington to New York. I was preparing then to write the life of Aaron Burr, and hearing that the General had known him, I called for the purpose of getting information.

His office was the back parlor of a private house, and visitors were shown into the front parlor, but as the door between was open, they could hear and see the General as he sat at his desk transacting the business of the little army of which he was the chief. Two or three aid-de-camps were lounging about, and occasionally assisting the General.

During the half hour that I had to wait, after sending in my card and letter of introduction, the only business of the Commander-in-Chief seemed to be the reading of requests for leaves of absence, and other letters respecting trifling details of army business. I remember thinking that a Major-General mounted upon a fine bay charger, with a plume in his hat, was a much more picturesque and interesting object than a Major-General seated at a desk in a back office, considering whether Lieut. Jones ought or ought not, to be allowed a leave of thirty days to attend a sister's wedding.

If the business was petty, it was soon over for the day, and I was admitted. There is an impression that Gen. Scott was haughty in his manner and difficult of access. I did not find him so, either on this or on any other occasion. His manners, on the contrary, were easy and quiet, and he was evidently desirous of obliging me. After reflecting a moment, he began in this manner:

"I saw Aaron Burr four times in his life. The first time was just fifty years ago, at Richmond, on the day he first came into court on his trial for treason."

He then proceeded to give a minute and most interesting account of the scene and the man. Very much of that curious information respecting the lawyers, and judges, the court-room, Burr's demeanor, and the scenes out of doors, given in my life of Aaron Burr (Vol. 2, Chap. XV.,) was derived from the lips of Gen. Scott. I never knew such a memory as his. He related those events of half a century ago with an exactness and fulness of detail that could not have been surpassed if they had occurred a week before. Afterwards, at Richmond, I had an opportunity of learning how correctly he had sketched the characters of the great lawyers and judges employed in the case, from Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, to lame "Jack Baker," the jester of the bar.

Gen. Scott, among other things, set at rest the much disputed question as to whether Gen. Andrew Jackson remained Burr's friend after his arrest for treason. Gen. Scott told me that he heard Jackson haranguing a crowd from the steps of a grocery store in Richmond, denouncing President Jefferson as Burr's persecutor, and defending Burr as the victim of political conspiracy. Jackson was exceedingly violent, both in his language and manner: so much so that young Scott asked who it was. He was told that it was "a great blackguard from Tennessee, one Andrew Jackson."

Gen. Jackson, I may add, never believed that Aaron Burr was a traitor; and when he was President he gave some very lucrative offices to Burr's friends, and secretly aided the late Samuel Houston, of Texas, to do part of what Burr meant to do. Burr's great object was to extirpate the Spanish power in North America, and he intended to begin by seizing Texas, which was then a Spanish province. From Texas he intended to march upon Mexico, of which country he designed to make himself Emperor, and reign over all the Spanish provinces to the Isthmus of Darien.

Gen. Scott proceeded to relate the circumstances in which he next saw Aaron Burr. He said that during the war of 1812, after he had recovered from his wound received on the frontier, he lived for a short time at Albany, where he was much feted by the leading inhabitants, and by none more cordially than by Martin Van Buren, then a lawyer in large practice. One morning a packet arrived from Washington, which proved to contain the young soldier's commission as Brigadier General. Full of joy at his promotion, he mentioned the fact to Mr. Van Buren, whom he chanced to meet. Mr. Van Buren congratulated him warmly, and added:—

"But, General, we must celebrate this happy event. Come to my house this evening; I'll invite a few friends, and we'll take a glass of wine and a few oysters together."

The new General accepted the invitation. But, suddenly a thought seemed to occur to the cautious lawyer—cautious for his friends as well as for himself—and he appeared embarrassed.

"General," said he, "I forgot something which I ought to have mentioned before asking you to my house. Col. Burr is stopping with me for a few days. Have you any objections to meet him?"

To which Gen. Scott replied:

"Any gentleman, Mr. Van Buren, whom you think proper to present me to, I shall be happy to know."

Col. Burr, the reader is probably aware, had recently returned from Europe, where he had lived four years, and he was almost universally regarded by the public as a traitor who had escaped the penalty of treason only by the craft of his lawyers. Almost all his old friends had cut him, and the administration, under President Madison, who had just promoted General Scott, was supposed to be particularly hostile to him. Hence the hesitation of Mr. Van Buren about bringing together the young soldier and the old.

The evening came. The company consisted of four persons, one of whom was the concise, polite, and courtly Burr. Gen. Scott remembered him well, but forbore to make the most distant allusion to the trial at Richmond.

"Why," said the General to me, "I was so careful not to say anything that could excite painful recollections, that I actually checked myself as I was about to pronounce the word Virginia."

All at once, Col. Burr, who was the General's partner at whist, fixed his piercing eyes upon his face, and said, in a perfectly nonchalant tone:

"General Scott, I have seen you before."

The General blushed, and stammered out:

"Have you, Colonel? And where was it?"

Burr replied, in the most ordinary tone of conversation, as he put down a card:

"At Richmond, in the court-room, at my trial. You stood on the lock of the door above the crowd; I noticed you at the time; it was on the first day."

All of which was true. The room being densely crowded, the young man had got up on the massive lock, and, being so remarkably tall, he had caught the prisoner's eye. The General said that Burr's careless tone had completely relieved him from his embarrassment, and they had a long and pleasant talk about Richmond and the Richmond people, the trial, and its remarkable incidents; Burr speaking precisely as though he had been a disinterested spectator. The party sat late, and had a very delightful evening. Col. Burr made one remark on this occasion which Gen. Scott long had occasion to remember. I forget the words employed, but they were something like these:

"There is a man in Tennessee," said Burr, "to whom Jimmy Madison will not give a commission, because he is a friend of mine; but he is equal to any service. I mean Andrew Jackson. If they give *him* a commission, things will go better in the Western country."

I need not say that Jimmy Madison *did* give Andrew Jackson a commission, and that things *did* go better in the Western country in consequence.

Speaking of Martin Van Buren, for whom General Scott had a great regard, he alluded to the popular tradition that the ex-President was the son of Aaron Burr. He gave a decided denial to this scandal and adduced convincing reasons for rejecting it.

The other two occasions upon which General Scott saw Aaron Burr, were mere chance meetings in the street. The General remarked Burr's habit of glancing sideways at an approaching acquaintance to ascertain in time whether he meant to cut him; and if he did, Burr would prevent the slight by looking away.

Gen. Scott's memory was full to overflowing of interesting recollections of the men and events of the past. If he could have written these recollections as well as he related them in conversation, his autobiography would have been one of the most interesting of books, instead of being one of the dullest ever published. In fact, I find that most persons, when they write, leave out the things that people care most to know.

☞ I knew a man that went courting his sweetheart the distance of three miles every evening for fourteen years, besides dogging her home after church on Sunday afternoon, making above 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door-porch; but for the remaining period he ventured (what a liberty after septennial attachment) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit on the kitchen settee. The wedding, a consummation devoutly to be wished, was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their sere and yellow leaf.

☞ Another child has been whipped to death for "refusing to say its prayers," in Kingston, Canada. The victim in this instance being a little girl five years of age, named Kate Sibley, the illegitimate daughter of Schuyler Sibley and a Miss Kate Davis. The murderess, in being examined, confessed that a few days previous to the fatal act, the father of the child had administered to it a most unmerciful beating for not saying its prayers, and ordered her to do the same whenever it refused. The jury returned a verdict, criminating both parents, whereupon they were both committed to prison to await their trial for murder.

☞ A Remarkable Case.—The Boston Transcript says, that in September, 1810, a gentleman of this city procured insurance here upon a house in Essex county, then owned and occupied by his three sisters. On Tuesday the same gentleman renewed the insurance for another term of seven years, the house being still owned and occupied by the same three sisters as it was fifty-six years ago.

☞ The editor of the Bowling Green Gazette objects to the regular transmission to him of agricultural circulars. He says:—"We are no animal propagist; horsist we are not; as a cowist we make no pretensions; as a sheepist we claim no honors; and we are a hogist to a very limited extent." The editor must be an exception, for hogs of the most unlimited size are raised in that neighborhood.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been moderately active; about 16,000 bbls sold, including 4000 bbls northwest family at $11@12,50; $7,50@9 for superfine; $9@11 for extra, the latter for fresh ground from new wheat; $12@14 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14,50@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6@6,25 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is unchanged.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 23,000 bus sold, including 8000 bus Penna red at $2,65@2,75; 9000 bus good to prime southern do at $2,80@2,85; 1000 bus choice at $2,90; 2000 bus old spring at $2,45, and small lots of white at $2,50@3 per bus, as to quality. Rye is selling at 90c@$1 for western, and $1,05@1,10 for Penna. Corn—12,000 bus prime yellow sold at 93@95c, and 15,000 bus western mixed at 91@94c ₩ bus. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 52@53c afloat, and 4000 bus in store at 54c.

PROVISIONS—Small sales are making at $34,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 21@23c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams; 19@19½c for pickled Hams; 15½@16c for salt Shoulders; 20@20½c for Lard, in bbls and tcs, and 24@33c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality. Cheese is firm at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—There is a fair business doing. About 1200 bales middlings sold in lots at from 34@34½c ₩ lb for uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—1st No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $33 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote White Ash at $5,25@5,50, and Red Ash at $5,50@6 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 58c, and choice at 59@60c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Sales of green Apples at $2@6 ₩ bbl, and dried Apples at 10@12c ₩ lb.

HOPS—Small sales at 25@70c, as to quality.

SEEDS—Small sales Cloverseed are making at $7@8 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy—1000 bus sold at $3,50@4,25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed—1200 bus sold at $3,75@3,80 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum ranges at from 2,52@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—400 bbls sold, in lots, at $2,37 for Pennsylvania, $2,32@2,40 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12½@12½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues inactive; about 150,000 lbs sold, in lots, at from 62@65c for extra; 60@63c for fine; 55@60c for medium; 50@53c for coarse; 55@56c for tub washed, and 40@50 ₩ lb for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $30 to $60 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $14,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

SUMMER COMPLAINT AND DYSENTERY.

Bowel complaints seem just now to be the prevailing ailment, and any medicine that is everywhere acceptable, and that is reliable is a very desirable acquisition. From what we have seen, heard, and experienced, we believe Davis' PAIN KILLER is this desideratum. For the best method of using it, we quote from Perry Davis' pamphlet of directions:

"For common bowel complaints give one teaspoonful in a gill of new milk and molasses, in equal parts stirred well together; lessen the dose for children according to the age. If the pain be severe, bathe the bowels and back with the medicine. This mode of treatment is good in cases of the cholera morbus, sudden stoppages, &c. Repeat the dose every hour.

"The quickest way I ever saw a dysentery cured was by taking one teaspoonful of the Pain Killer in one gill of milk and molasses stirred well together and drank hot, at the same time bathing the bowels freely with the medicine. Let the dose be repeated every hour, until the patient is relieved."

If every soldier and every other person who has reason to fear this disease, would provide themselves with a bottle of this medicine, and use as occasion required, we believe a great amount of suffering and sickness would be saved, as well in the tented field as the domestic home circle. sep29-2t

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.

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If you must take medicines then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere. sep22-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SILAS W. OTT to Miss MARTHA A. E. ROSE, both of this city.

On the 13th of Sept., by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, WILLIAM H. WEBER to CLARA, daughter of F. M. Hendel, Esq., both of this city.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. Wm. Colhoart, Mr. BENJAMIN R. MURPHY to Miss MARY N. FLARNERY, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, JOSEPH W. BATES, Jr., to ELIZABETH B. SMITH, daughter of Atwood Smith, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Neuber, Mr. CHARLES MAY to Miss MARIA HENNE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, MARY M., wife of Robert Wiltbank.

On the 18th instant, HENRY C. WALTERS, aged 23 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. SARAH B. TURNER, in her 55th year.

On 7th-day, 15th instant, THOMAS SHOEMAKER, in his 49th year.

On the 13th instant, MARY DAVIDSON, in her 79th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. HANNAH, relict of the late Chas. Gray, aged 67 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN NEWCAMP, in his 36th year.

On the 13th instant, MARY TREST, wife of the Rev. John A. Childs.

On the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM LENOIR, in his 48th year.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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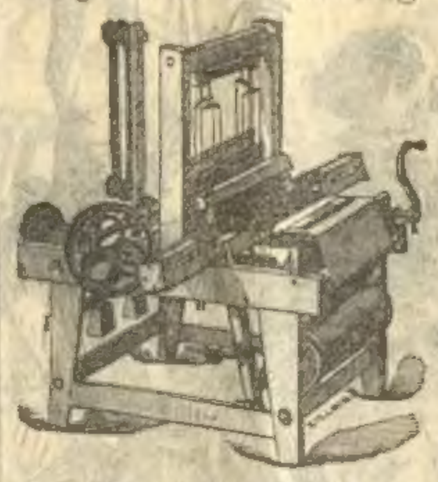

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Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

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Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. sep29-3t

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A SOCIAL CANTATA. Words by Sidney Dyer, Music by C. A. Cuil. This Cantata introduces the hearty pleasures which enliven our winter evenings, and possesses many attractive features which will cause it to become the most popular work of its kind ever published. It is easily "brought out," and cannot fail to afford satisfaction and amusement whenever produced. Price, Cloth, $1.25; Paper, $1., Sent post-paid.

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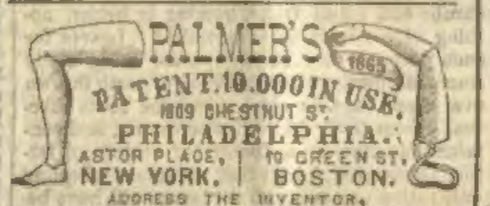

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct13-1y

DR. GEORGE W. FREED,

ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity, is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science, as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr. Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious, ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted, and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Students instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

DR. G. W. FREED,
jy21-3m 1543 North 13th St., Philadelphia.

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

SPIKE THE GUNS!

of Humbug. Imposters are in the field with deadly hair dyes, dangerous to health and utterly destructive to the hair. Do not submit to have your head

Baptised with Liquid Fire!

when that cooling vegetable preparation,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

will, in five minutes, impart any desired shade from light brown to jet black without injuring the fibres, staining the skin, or poisoning the system through the pores. Beware of the deleterious dyes!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. sep1-3teow

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

The Great Strengthening Tonic

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, or Fevers.

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

AND PARTICULARLY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 251 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrick, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRICK.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Yorkstown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
926 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Cultivator*, No. 20 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Kensborough Baptist Church;

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.;

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,

No. 631 ARCH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JONES & EVANS,

[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]

Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-cowly

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 20 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 3.30	P.M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL§¶	" 9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	at 12.45	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

§Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A.M. and 4.40 P.M.

A TICKET OFFICE

is located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. sp7-9m

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED.

CAYUGA, Hinds County, Miss.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen: Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN I. WILLIAMS, P. M.

ASTHMA CURED.

Mr. Wm. May, of 245 Spring Street, New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1866: I have been afflicted with the asthma for upwards of ten years, receiving no benefit from medical men. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I did, I had tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists. sep1-3teow

☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples, ☜

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. O. UPHAM, 95 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

HO, TRAPPERS, HO! The Hunter's Secrets; or, How to Hunt and Trap Foxes, Mink, Muskrat, Otter, Beaver, etc., by entire new methods. Just received from a Western Trapper of over forty years experience, and was never before published. Every Trapper should get them. Price fifty cents. Mailed to any person, securely wrapped, on receipt of price. All orders promptly filled.

Address FRANK A. ELLS,
sep22-2t Charlotte, Michigan.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Charles Lamb's Puns.

The following specimens of Lamb's humor are given by Mr. Procter from his own recollections and correspondence:

In his exultation on being released from his 34 years of labor at the India House, he says, "Had I a little son, I would christen him 'Nothing to do.'" (This is in the "Superannuated Man.")

Speaking of Don Quixote, he calls him "the errant Star of Nighthood, made more tender by eclipse."

On being asked by a schoolmistress for some sign indicative of her calling, he recommended "The Murder of the Innocents."

I once said something in his presence which I thought possessed smartness. He commended me with a stammer: "Very well, my dear boy, very well; Ben (taking a pinch of snuff,) Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and b-b-better."

His young chimney-sweepers, "from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind."

To Coleridge: "Bless you, old sophist, who next to human nature taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing."

To Mr. Gilman, a surgeon ("query Killman?") he writes, "Coleridge is very bad, but he wonderfully picks up, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory—an archangel a little damaged."

To Wordsworth (who was superfluously solemn) he writes, "Some d—d people have come in, and I must finish abruptly. By d—d, I only mean deuced."

The second son of George the Second, it was said, had a very cold and ungenial manner. Lamb stammered out in his defence that "This was very natural in the Duke of Cu-Cumberland."

To Mrs. H., of a person eccentric: "Why does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one—may be he has tired him out."

"Charles," said Coleridge to Lamb, "I think you have heard me preach?" "I n—n—never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb.

One evening Coleridge had consumed the whole time in talking of some "regenerated" orthodoxy. Leigh Hunt, who was one of the listeners, on leaving the house, expressed his surprise at the prodigality and intensity of Coleridge's religious expressions. Lamb tranquillized him by "No—no—never mind what Coleridge says; he's full of fun."

The Bank, the India House, and other rich traders look insultingly on the old deserted South Sea House as on "their poor neighbor out of business."

Of a Scotchman: "His understanding is always at its meridian. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border land with him. You cannot hover with him on the confines of truth."

On a book of Coleridge's nephew he writes: "I confess he has more of the Sterne about him than the Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion."

As to a monument being erected for Clarkson, in his lifetime, he opposes it, and argues: "Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. We should be modest for a modest man."

A fine sonnet of his (The Gipsy Mallison) being refused publication, he exclaimed, "Hang the age! I will write for Antiquity."

Mrs. K., after expressing her love for her young children, added, tenderly, "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" His answer, immediate, almost precipitate was, "Boi-boi-boiled, madam."

Hood, tempting Lamb to dine with him, said, "We have a hare." "And many friends?" inquired Lamb.

It being suggested that he would not sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at the Queen's trial, Lamb rejected the imputation, asserting that he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor.

Of a man too prodigal of lampoons and verbal jokes, Lamb said, threateningly, "I'll Lambpun him."

On two Prussians of the same name being accused of the same crime, it was remarked as curious that they were not in any way related to each other. "A mistake," said he: "they are cousins german."

The Scotch, whom he did not like, ought, he said, to have double punishment, and to have fire without brimstone.

Southey, in 1799, showed him a dull poem on a rose. Lamb's criticism was, "Your rose is insipid: it has neither thorns nor sweetness."

A person sending an unnecessarily large sum with a lawyer's brief, Lamb said "It was 'a fee simple.'"

Mr. H. C. Robinson, just called to the bar, tells him exultingly, that he is retained in a cause in the King's Bench. "Ah," (said Lamb,) "the first great cause, least understood."

Of a pun, Lamb says it is a "noble thing *per se*. It is entire. It fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet; better. It limps ashamed, in the train and retinue of humor."

A Question.—A writer commenting on the latter day habit of posting patent medicines, etc., on the beautiful rocks of the country, says: "Last year, weary of shop, and feeling the necessity of restoring tone to the mind by a course of the sublime, Thompson and I paid many dollars, travelled many miles, ran many risks, and suffered much from impertinence and from dust, in order that we might see the wonders of the Lord, His mountains and His waterfalls. We stood at the foot of a mountain, and gazing upward at a precipice, the sublime we were in search of began to swell within our hearts, when our eyes were struck by huge Roman letters painted on the face of the rock, and held fast, as if by a spell, until we had read them all. They asked the question, 'Are you troubled with worms?'"

Smart Girls.—At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones—"Who makes the laws in our government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question; but the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came—"Civilized, half-civilized, and savage!"

A DELICATE HINT.

Susie (looking at the wrong cousin through her glasses reversed).—"Oh, John, how funny! You look so nice such a long way off!"

Right Cousin.—"Aw—just so."

A Responsible Task.—They tell a good story, in Baltimore, of General Wool, who was, at one time, in command of the Middle Department. During the first invasion of Maryland, by Stonewall Jackson, rumors were rife, in Baltimore, that that ubiquitous leader, at the head of fifty thousand men, was marching upon the city. As the story goes, General Wool, accompanied by his staff, rode out on the Frederick turnpike, to reconnoitre. As they were returning to the city, the general stopped at the toll-gate, and, calling to the keeper, thus addressed him, in that sharp, precise way for which he is famous,

"See here, my man! It is rumored that Jackson and fifty thousand rebels are advancing upon Baltimore, by this road. I want you to shut this gate, and keep it shut against them. If you let a man of them pass through, I'll hold you personally responsible for it."

Leaving the gate-keeper overwhelmed with the grave responsibility of his new duty, the general quietly pursued his way back to the city.

A Conscientious Witness.—Some years since, in the Newburyport Police Court, Judge M——— presiding, a man was arraigned for assaulting, kicking, and otherwise much maltreating another individual. At the trial there was present a very conscientious witness for the plaintiff, who, after being sworn that he "would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, God helping him," was asked if he saw defendant kick plaintiff. "Well," said he speaking very slowly and cautiously, "I can't say that I did, but I saw him take away his foot three times."

☞ "Why do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party, an evening or two since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit, "I winked as man do when looking at the sun—your splendor dazzled my eyes."

Loving.—Henry Ward Beecher says that "to love he must have something to put his arms around." Well, that *is* a pleasant way of loving.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Silk Without Worms.

A paragraph or two upon the manufacture of silk direct from the bark of the mulberry tree, dispensing entirely with the worm agency, is just now running the rounds of all sorts of newspapers, as if it were a discovery of the utmost importance to the community.

Believing, in the very infancy of its public circulation in this country—about February of the present year—that the story of silk making without worms from the bark of the tree would be productive of infinitely more harm than good, we wrote in the latter part of March to an extensive and veteran French silk grower near Lyons, M. Antoine Beaupray, with whom accident made us pretty well acquainted more than twenty years ago, asking him to tell us all he knew and what he really believed in regard to the new mode of silk making. The following is verbatim his prompt response:

"Argillieres, near Lyons, May 4th, 1866.

"*My Dear Sir*—I would have replied to your letter of inquiry earlier, but that I have been engaged in experiments, that carried through would prove a test as to whether silk may or may not be economically produced by the new process that you inquire about. My experiments tell me that it cannot. It is no new thing to make silk direct from the bark of the mulberry tree. It was successfully accomplished more than thirty years ago. But it was, and is a process only fit to exhibit the possibility of science. In practice it is worth nothing, because stripping off the bark kills the tree, which cannot be reproduced in less than six years. And then the leaves of a tree at six years old will afford more silk by the agency of the worms than the bark of ten trees of the same age will do.

"Wherefore you will see that 'bark' silk is not practicable, and to recommend to farmers and others the growth of the mulberry tree with such intent is mischievously wicked.

I am, dear sir,
Very sincerely yours,
Antoine Beaupray."

The foregoing letter is the best reply we can make to "Several subscribers," and several others who have asked our opinion in regard to the policy of mulberry planting with a view to making *bark* silk. Our experience in silk culture is next to "nix;" but we have great faith in M. Beaupray, and as little in making the material that way as we have in the pie-plant wine.

Look Out for the Leaves.

Every year, before the season of leaf falling sets in, every one ought to begin to preach to everybody else, with all the earnestness that is in them, the importance of gathering up and saving under cover for fall and winter use so many fallen forest leaves as they can find time to collect and room to stow away.

The uses of dry forest leaves are so many and important, that to notice them all with the justice they are worthy of, would demand twenty times more space than we have at command. But a few of their good qualities may be briefly glanced at with advantage to many people.

For fall and winter mulching of all tender shrubs and small fruits, nothing is better, nothing else nearly so economical. Leaves for such purposes are better, because being easily tramped down, with a sprinkling of earth thrown over them, they lie close, cover the roots effectually from frost, do not invite vermin, and containing as they do a liberal per centum of fertilizing material, by the time the season of spring cultivation comes round the leaves will have become so well rotted as to furnish a good deal of valuable manure right where it is required.

Our own experience has taught us that all vegetables, roots and apples, buried out doors, or put by for winter in root houses or cellars, where some other covering than earth, or something used in connection with it was requisite, leaves have always served a better purpose than straw, or anything else we ever tried. And having fulfilled their first office, there they are on hand and ready for a second service as capital manure. We never kept onions and winter apples so bright and sound in any other way as by mixing them in among *dry* leaves and spreading out on the floor of a dry room, never quite cold enough to freeze, or warm enough to induce rotting.

For bedding for all sorts of stabled stock, leaves possess great merit, inasmuch as being a liberal absorbent, they suck up like a thirsty sponge and retain almost as tenaciously large quantities of liquid manurial material that would otherwise go to waste. As bedding for either store or fattening hogs, dry leaves are equally valuable and the most economical of all bedding material, because the first cost is only that of gathering, which their service as bedding and afterwards as a manure will repay five fold.

As a chinking for openings in cellars and outhouses to fence out frost, leaves are excellent, and to underlie or line parlor or any other carpets, nice, dry, fresh forest leaves are as superior to straw as that is to corn stalks.

Almost everywhere in the country leaves may be had *ad libitum*, and very few families are there who among their little folks and in their leisure hours may not collect a liberal supply yearly at very slight cost.

Yet Another Berry.

Seven times during this last berry season we have made pilgrimages seven miles out of town, to pay court to a new berry and make love to the delicious fruit. Now, we call it, because we have never seen it before, or heard of it among any of our friends who grow berries. Something like it we have seen certainly a good many times; but nothing nearly so good, or quite so beautiful.

The opinion of Mrs. "Cosmo," whose education as a berryist is respectable, is that the berry is a genuine native Pennsylvanian. We found it growing wild in several places along the railroad and in two unoccupied pastures—no where else. The briars are stout, more graceful in growth than any others we have seen, have few thorns, bear profusely, the berries being larger than any of the cultivated sorts, better flavored than any garden berry we have ever tasted, and in color a clear light buff, very like the Ceylon pearl.

What the new stranger may prove to be under cultivation, of course we cannot say, never having seen it under any other conditions than those named. But if two or three or up to, say a half dozen of our friends, who are pretty good "berryists," either regulars or amateurs, will advise us by letter, that they would like to experiment with the "*Pennsylvania* Pearl," and promise to do it justice, we will have great pleasure in going out and gathering and despatching to them by mail a sufficient quantity of the canes to thoroughly test the merits of the new berry, gratuitously.

Gathered Grains.

——In several of the western and northwestern states peaches have been plenty, good and reasonably cheap, while apples are and will be unusually abundant, and generally better fruit than they have had that way in several years. So say reliable exchanges and responsible correspondents.

——On Christmas day we shall have in the United States more than twice as many potatoes and half as much again corn as ever was grown and got together before in this country. Pennsylvania's corn quota will be about thirty-three million bushels.

——Our American grape growers are beginning to learn a trifle too late that over manuring and extravagant culture are going to prove fatal to a great many vineyards—killed by mistaken kindness.

——In Canada East, continued rains are drowning out potatoes, and doing much damage to the corn and other fall crops.

——Louisiana is going to produce an extraordinary rice crop this year; but the sugar yield promises to be a small one.

——Pigs never were plentier in a great deal of western territory, and as this year's corn crop is going to be the biggest in the history of the country, next year we shall have pork in excess of demand and prices forty per cent. below present rates.

——The destructive down-south cotton worm turns out to be a *bug* with a *hum* prefix, like a great many other premature paper panics.

——A mixture of equal parts lard, sulphur, beeswax and white pine tar is probably about the best remedy that can be applied to collar galls, saddle chafes and sores from interfering on horses' hocks.

RECEIPTS.

Cooking Beef Steak.—Prepare the steak by pounding and otherwise, as for broiling. Have ready a pan *quite hot*; grease it as for bread, lay in the steak, turn frequently to prevent its adhering to the pan until the juice is extracted. When cooked through, turn the gravy upon a platter in which has been previously put about *half* the usual quantity of butter, with a *little* water. Slightly brown the steaks on both sides, then take up, and boil up a little water in the pan to scrape any remaining juices; season as desired. By this method a much larger and richer amount of gravy is obtained, with less butter, that by the usual process.

How to Cook Bats.—[We have received from a correspondent the following letter, which we print as a matter of curiosity. We have not tried it, and fancy an ordinary bat would make but a sorry meal. In the meantime it is known that the inhabitants of Timor, and elsewhere, make the bat called the Edible Kalong an article of diet. The body of the bat in question is a foot in length, and the meat is said to be agreeable, wholesome, and similar to veal.]

Sir—As I know that all the best recipes are to be found in your valuable paper, I beg to send you one which was given me by a friend who had resided many years in the islands of the Archipelago. It is a way of cooking bats, which not only renders them palatable, but makes a most delicious dish. In that country a very large species is found, and my friend, after some time, was persuaded to taste the dish, and found it so delicious that on his return to England he immediately tried it on our ordinary bat, and found, that though inferior in size and fat, it was (incredible as it may appear) even superior in delicacy of flavor to the foreign species. I have myself often tasted the dish, and can pronounce it excellent: "Take an ordinary bat, fresh killed, and skin it carefully (to facilitate which it should be soaked for an hour in hot water;) be careful to remove all the wing, as the tough membrane is very indigestible. The animal should then be allowed to soak in vinegar for six hours, and then be stewed for half an hour. When ready to serve, pour over it a sauce composed of veal stock thickened with cream, flavored with a little mushroom catsup. Should your friends be squeamish, you may call it 'salmi de pigeon,' which dish it much resembles, and they will probably eat it with great relish."—R. F. Hawkins, *in an English Paper*.

Quinces for the Tea-Table.—Bake ripe quinces thoroughly; when cold, strip off the skins, place them in a glass dish and sprinkle with white sugar, and serve them with cream. They make a fine-looking dish for the tea-table, and a more luscious and inexpensive one than the same fruit made into sweetmeats. Those who once taste the fruit thus prepared will probably desire to store away a few bushels in the fall to use in the above manner.

Jelly Cake.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie-pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

Pickle Chow Chow.—Quarter of a peck green tomatoes, quarter of a peck white onions, quarter of a peck pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery-seed, salt to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil while hot.

To Enrich the Color of Hair.—A solution of pure annotta, obtained by boiling it in water slightly alkalised with carbonate of soda, or with salt of tartar, gives a "golden yellow" or "flame yellow," according to its strength, to very pale hair, and corresponding tones to darker hair. A previous "mordant" of alum water "deepens" it; and a subsequent washing with water soured with lemon juice or vinegar, "reddens" it, or turns it on the "orange."

To Clean and Whiten White Marble.—Make a paste with soft soap and whiting. Wash the marble first with it and then leave a coat of the paste upon it for two or three days. Afterward wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap.

☞ Whatever the poets pretend, they give immortality to none but themselves; it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons and events, we read of, and we little regard the authors.

☞ Shun Profane.—The man who cannot see any fun in your jokes, the editor who respectfully declines your communications, and the folks who will not leave you alone with your lady-love.

☞ What Branch?—"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was asked of a pupil. "A birch branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole tree."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 9, 13, 8, is an animal of the deer species.
My 14, 9, 1, 11, is what I hope you may never be.
My 10, 9, 8, 12, 4, is a beverage.
My 7, 6, 3, 5, is found in the Arctic regions.
My whole is a celebrated writer.

J. L. CAPPS.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1st and I am a celebrated character in Shakespeare.
Again curtail and I belong to the human form.
My whole is serene, blameless, open.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A village in Prussian Saxony.
A seaport of Wales.
A girl's name.
A French word.
A town in Brazil.
A village in Switzerland.
A mountain in Arabia.
A verb.
A town in England.
A river in Siberia.
A township in Rhode Island.

My initials form the name of a celebrated Scotch writer, and my finals one of his works.

Germantown, Pa. CORA WALTERS.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a triangular lot are 130, 140 and 150 feet. Three horses are tethered in this lot, one to each corner with a rope of sufficient length to enable him to feed upon half the lot.

Required—the length of the rope each horse is fastened with; the quantity of ground each horse can feed upon which neither of the other two can reach, and the area of that part of the lot which is common to all three of the horses.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a field whose diagonals are equal are 25, 35, 81 and 19 poles respectively.

Required—the arc of the field.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ With what loss have sailors most to do? Ans.—The wind-lass.

☞ The largest room in the world. Ans.—The "room for improvement."

☞ Why do the birds feel depressed early in a summer morning? Ans.—Because their little bills are all over dew.

☞ When is a blow from a lady welcome? Ans.—When she strikes you agreeably.

☞ If the clerk were to burn a pastile in church, what would be the effect? Ans.—The congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

☞ What is that which no one wishes to have, yet when he has it would be very sorry to lose it? Ans.—A bald-head.

☞ Why are equestrians, dairymen, bakers, tailors, dressmakers and young topers partial to the Isle of Wight? Ans.—Because the first may have a Ryde there, the second Cowes, the third a Bight of Alum, the fourth Needles, the fifth Brading, and the last Newport.

Answers to Last.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA—Archimedes. ENIGMA—"Shannondale." CHARADE—Dewdrop (dew-drop.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's triangle PROBLEM of July 14.—The problem is impossible. There can be no right angled triangle, whose sides are all whole numbers, having the legs in the proportion of 9 to 13, as is easily proven.—Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by J. M. Greenwood, July 14.—Supposing the *circumference* of the tire to be 20 feet, and the tire remaining stationary while the ball is rolling on it, the ball will roll 2,6771 feet on the tire before leaving it. Artemas Martin. 2,7473 ft. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, July 14th:—An arc of 120 degrees. Artemas Martin and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of July 21st:—The required fraction is $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{7}$; either will satisfy the conditions of the problem as I understand it. A. Martin. $\frac{1}{3}$, Joseph S. Phelps.

Clever Boys.

The Saturday Review says that in the biographies of distinguished men we find that few of them at school or college gave signs of their future power. The Pall Mall Gazette denies this statement: "Pitt, having done well at Cambridge, was in office at twenty-one, and was Prime Minister at twenty-four. Fox began his political career, and was already an actual power in the House of Commons at the same youthful age. Burke began his essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful" at the age of nineteen. Canning was the most distinguished boy of his time, at Eton. So also was the great Marquis Wellesley. The late Sir Robert Peel was the first man who took a double first class prize at Oxford. Dr. Whewell's success in the schools at Cambridge was as marked as the successes of his future career. Mr. Gladstone was, beyond comparison, the most distinguished young man of his time while an undergraduate at Christ Church, and he left Oxford with the highest reputation for ability, sincerity and oratorical gifts. Sir Roundell Palmer was one of the best of his year at Oxford, and, like Mr. Lowe, was pointed out by the university opinion as a man who must undoubtedly win a high place in life. The same was the case with Mr. Goschen, who took his degree with unusual distinction.